JULY 21, 1947

New Republic

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Henry Wallace:

The Split in U.N.

Unions:

Teamsters Are Tough

China:

Gambler's Choice

15 CENTS

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Out of some cold figures, came a story to warm America's heart

NOT LONG AGO, the Secretary of the United States Treasury studied a figure-covered sheet of paper.

The figures revealed a steady, powerful upswing in the sale of U. S. Savings Bonds, and an equally steady decrease in Bond Redemptions.

But to the Secretary, they revealed a good deal more than that, and Mr. Snyder spoke his mind:

"If you give them the facts," he said, "you can always depend on the common sense and long-range judgment of the American people.

"The last few months have given us heart-warming proof of that.

"After the Victory Loan, sales of U. S. Savings Bonds went down—redemptions went up. And that was only natural and human.

"It was natural and human—but it was also dangerous. For suppose this trend had continued. Suppose that, in this period of reconversion, some 80 million Americans had decided not only to stop saving, but to spend the $40 billion which they had *already* put aside in Series E, F & G Savings Bonds. The picture which *that* conjures up is not a pretty one!

"But the trend did NOT continue.

"Early last fall, the magazines of this country—nearly a thousand of them, acting together—started an advertising campaign on Bonds. This, added to the continuing support of other media and advertisers, gave the American people the facts . . . told them why it was important to buy and hold U. S. Savings Bonds.

"The figures on this sheet tell how the American people responded—and mighty good reading it makes.

"Once more, it has been clearly proved that when you give Americans the facts, you can then ask them for action—and *you'll get it!*"

What do the figures show?

On Mr. Snyder's sheet were some very interesting figures.

They showed that sales of Savings Bonds went from $494 million in last September to $519 million in October and kept climbing steadily until, in January of this year, they reached a new postwar high: **In January, 1947, Americans put nearly a billion dollars in Savings Bonds. And that trend is continuing.**

In the same way, redemptions have been going just as steadily downward. Here, too, the trend continues.

Moreover, there has been, since the first of the year, an increase not only in the volume of Bonds bought through Payroll Savings, but in the number of buyers.

How about YOU? The figures show that millions of Americans have realized this fact: there is no safer, surer way on earth to get the things you want than by buying U. S. Savings Bonds regularly.

They are the safest investment in the world. They pay you $4 for every $3 at the end of 10 years. And you can buy them automatically, almost painlessly today, through either of two plans:

If you are eligible for the Payroll Plan, for your own sake and your family's sake, get on it . . . and watch your savings mount up.

If you are not eligible for the Payroll Plan, but have a checking account, see your banker and get him to tell you about the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either of them will set you on the road to financial security, and the happiness that comes with it.

Save the easy, automatic way—with U. S. Savings Bonds

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New Republic

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Washington Wire

A Shameful Episode

It now turns out that Congress, with the backing of practically all the American press, has passed a labor bill which, unless amended, gags newspapers in federal elections. This is the Taft-Hartley Act.

It is the preliminary finding of the Justice Department, according to Tom Twitty of the New York *Herald Tribune,* that that section of the law designed merely to gag trade-union publications and liberal organs like the *New Republic* probably applies also to "any corporate-owned general newspaper." Editorially, the *Herald Tribune* calls for quick correction. It says that "probably there was not a member of either house in Congress . . . who foresaw an interpretation of this provision which would interfere with the freedom of the press."

We think this just isn't so. In the June 16 issue of this magazine, in this column, we stated the effect this gag provision would have on trade-union organs. We went further. We quoted Senator Robert A. Taft (R, Ohio) as saying, and the quotation is on page 6596 of the *Congressional Record,* June 5, that the law would probably gag commercial radio commentators on political issues and might gag other groups. "I should say that would be a violation of the law," Taft answered to a hypothetical question by Senator Alben W. Barkley (D, Ky.).

We regard this as one of the most shameful episodes of the American press. In the hysteria whipped up for passage of the Taft-Hartley bill the newspapers were willing to forego their one most precious possession, Freedom of the Press. Some of them, like the Scripps-Howard papers, virtually said, "Oh well, it only gags the trade-union press." But freedom of the press, like any freedom, is *indivisible.* The callousness in this regard is shocking—it is frightening. Even in the hysterical days of A. Mitchell Palmer we did not go so far as this. Reputable newspapers and wire services lent themselves to the incident by snooting the big Senate debate, June 5, on this gag issue. On June 23, Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.) again pointed out how the section would gag all newspapers. Again—no comment.

Here is the record of the law to date: (1) It was supposed to curb John L. Lewis; it didn't. (2) A fortnight after passage its two authors, Taft and Hartley, violently disagreed over what the bill meant in connection with the mine contract. (3) Nineteen days after passage, Senators Hatch (D, N. M.) and Aiken (R, Vt.), who voted for the law, moved to strike out the gag section and try to restore the integrity of the press, which the press itself didn't bother to defend. As Don Hollenbeck of the "CBS Views the Press" program commented wonderingly, one section of the law "was given the silent treatment by the press; strange," he added, "because that section (under some interpretations) could vitally affect the press itself and its freedom of expresssion."

REPORTERS last week tried to get John L. Lewis to comment on "Silent Tom" Dewey as well as on Taft, when he was denouncing the latter's part in passing the Taft-Hartley labor bill. Three separate efforts to get a Lewis comment on Dewey failed. This strange silence has led to reports that the unpredictable Lewis will support Dewey for President. If he does, it will be one of the most cynical political deals in history. Dewey told friends in Washington months ago, when the labor bill was up, that he favored even stronger provisions than the measure then possessed. But

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80th Congress: the Republican Record

COMING in our issue of August 4—the sixth in the New Republic's celebrated series of charts which show how *your* Congressmen voted on the vital issues affecting your security and your future.

Ten major roll calls in the Senate and eleven in the House have been selected, the bills summarized, their significance explained, and the votes of *every member* of Congress charted in clear, accurate fashion.

See how your representatives measured up to your ideas in the present Congress—the first to be dominated by the Republicans since 1932. Find out who bears the blame for the record made and who gets the credit for waging the losing battles to protect the legislative legacy of Roosevelt. Labor, housing, price control, taxes, atomic control—the charts show where your representatives stood on each one of the vital issues.

Beginning in 1942 with its famous supplement *"A Congress to Win the War,"* the New Republic has charted periodically the votes of Congress on major issues. These records have become standard works of reference and are quoted wherever politics are discussed.

Don't miss the forthcoming SPECIAL ISSUE: *The Republican Record*. To be sure of getting a copy place your order with your newsdealer today, or better still, attach two dollars to the coupon below and mail it *now* with your name and address, and you will receive the next 17 issues of the New Republic, including the issue of August 4.

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New Republic

Paste on penny postcard and return now

Lewis, the most powerful single personality in the American labor movement today, is a man so politically opportunistic that he will probably not even take offense at stories that he plans to team up with "Silent Tom"; stories which, for all we know, are true.

ON the evening of October 28, 1944, we stood on the grass of Soldier's Field, Chicago, with a cool breeze blowing off the lake, and heard Roosevelt make his last great political speech predicting an America able to "provide 60 million peacetime jobs." The forecast was called fantastic. As we write this, the prediction has come true; that number, and a few more, are actually employed. Roosevelt's place in history is still uncertain. But what a stir the man made. We glance at Westbrook Pegler every six months or so just to see how his phobias are coming on, and there last week, believe us or not, was a column as violently abusive of FDR as though he were still alive. It was a joy to read it. To Roosevelt-haters FDR still is alive. We doubt that even the dead Lincoln had such a tribute paid to him.

BRICKBATS should be flying merrily across the Atlantic soon on the Marshall plan, as isolationists, free-enterprisers and ordinary opponents try to tie political conditions to continued US economic support. On a radio program, June 28, Senator Joe Ball (R, Minn.) started it when he declared he drew no distinction between communism and socialism, and we should aid neither. Stassen, who ought to know better, has been telling friends we should make further aid to Britain conditional on her not nationalizing the steel industry. The Anglo-American row over the Ruhr turns on this same question—whether the mines should be socialized. As the UP baldly puts it, the American negotiators are aware "that socialization of industry to the US Congress is virtually the same as communism." However, we still think Congress may have trouble restoring NAM capitalism to Europe.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

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News in Focus

How Many Worlds?

WITH chop-licking enthusiasm, most of the American press reported that now at last there really are Two Worlds. The abstention of the Soviet Union and eight Eastern European states from the "Conference for European Economic Coöperation" in Paris inspired cartoonists to depict our sorry globe as being split asunder by hammer-and-sickle, by a grinning Joseph Stalin and by a gigantic Russian timber wedge.

Actually, many of the publicists who profess to bemoan this sundering of One World have always taken the position that there never has been One World and that there shouldn't ever be One World. On them, the tears are not becoming.

In fact, the decisions of the Russians and their Eastern European friends to abstain from the Paris conference are symptomatic rather than causal. The absence from Paris of both the US and the USSR will guarantee that the primal problems of these times will not be solved there. For the differences between East and West run deeper than differences of opinion on whether the rewards promised by the US Secretary of State in return for a planned European economy were as firm and real as they seemed to be.

The Little Sixteen in Paris cannot solve the problem of quartered Germany, and until that is solved there can be no real peace in Europe. Neither can the Paris conferees contribute much to the Greek mess, a most promising rock on which to sunder the ideals of One World.

Even less can the Little Sixteen do much about the growing network of trade agreements among the nations of Eastern Europe that turn them eastward rather than westward. And still further beyond the ken and competence of the Paris conference lie the uncertain decisions of a future US Congress.

Chinese Facts

IT has been almost as difficult to learn the facts of the war between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists as it has been to learn how things are going between the forces in the US State Department that contend for control of America's murky Chinese policy.

A light on the latter struggle flared briefly when Licutenant General A. C. Wedemeyer was dispatched on a fact-finding tour of China and Korea. Wedemeyer helped create Chiang Kai-shek's new army. His fondness for Chiang is matched only by his hatred of Communists.

It was not hard to guess the framework of Wedemeyer's mission. His ex-chief, and good friend, George Marshall, was faced with three questions:

¶ How badly wrecked are Chiang's armies?

¶ How much will it take to rehabilitate them?

¶ Is Chiang worth saving?

Wedemeyer's answers to the first two questions will be conclusive. The third question Marshall will have to answer himself on the basis of the complex equation of domestic and international politics two months hence when Wedemeyer returns (see editorial, page 14).

Whaddya Read?

WHETHER or not the Russian-instigated land reforms in Hungary are accomplishing anything depends on which newspaper you read.

The New York *Times* ran an AP picture of Hungarian Geza David and his barefooted family, who have been given 10 acres of land under the reforms. Above was the *Times's* caption: "Not satisfied with their Lot in Hungary." There was no explanatory dispatch.

The same picture of the David family also popped up in the New York newspaper *PM*, along with a dispatch by the AP's Daniel De Luce. The headline this time: "Hungary Land Reform Succeeding."

The De Luce dispatch reported substantial progress in the land reform, but those who read only All the News That's Fit to Print might be left with a contrary impression.

The Pacific Commando

THE unusual talents of one Chester Nicklas have been lost to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, an inquiry disclosed this week. A *New Republic* reporter went looking for Nicklas to discuss with him an affidavit sworn to by Clyde R. Miller, associate professor of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and one-time secretary of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis.

Miller's affidavit recounts how he traveled to Washington to check a report that the committee had a foot-thick dossier on his "Communist activities." Arriving in the Capital, Miller got a private interview with Ernie Adamson, then chief counsel for the committee. With all doors tightly closed, Adamson produced an assistant, Chester Nicklas, whom he introduced as a former "Pacific Commando." Nicklas took over.

Professor, you are a Red, he began;

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The Small-Nation Complex

by David Schoenbrun

PARIS (by wireless).—The Conference for European Economic Coöperation got under way in an atmosphere that promised little for the future of a united Europe. Foreign Minister Georges Bidault opened proceedings by saying that the nations here assembled have the right to speak for the Continent. The fact that he says it does not make it so.

The atmosphere of this conference is a contrast to other postwar international conferences. Always before, the differences between nations were sharply apparent, and our briefing officers usually spoke bitterly about the obstructionism of "certain countries." Now only the nations of Western orientation were meeting, but agreement was still elusive. This time there was polite but stubborn opposition to the Bevin-Bidault suggestion that the all-powerful "steering committee" of the conference should be composed of representatives from Britain, France and four other countries. The smaller nations, particularly Denmark, Belgium and Turkey, insisted that each of the 16 nations should have a representative on the committee. One veteran correspondent said: "It's kind of embarrassing to find a stalemate produced by the Belgians and Turks. How are we going to call *them* Communist satellites of the dirty Russians?"

The dispute was not destined to be a major hindrance, but it pointed up one of the most important factors in a meeting such as this, and that is the mentality of Europe's small nations. It is a very real consideration and one that too frequently is left out of the calculations of people in America.

Europe's small nations—Eastern and Western—share a long history of dependence on the great hegemonies—Roman, Ottoman, Austro-Hungarian, Napoleonic, Bismarckian, Hitlerian—and they never have liked it. That is one strong reason the Western nations are anti-Communist. It is not that they love capitalism, but that they fear Russian domination.

By the same token, these small nations represented here are acutely sensitive to Russian charges that the US is seeking to use its dollars as a means of gaining economic and political domination of Europe in preparation for our bigger game against the Soviet Union.

It would be foolish to assume that the absentees from this conference are firmly in the Russian pocket. It would be dangerous to assume that those present will sit with their mouths open docilely waiting for us to drop a little food into them. Already we have seen that, politely but gravely, they will resist being pushed around.

THERE are other considerations, too, than a sense of national pride. Sweden has made it loudly clear that her presence is based exclusively on the economic agenda and that she rejects any political involvement. Sweden's trade relations with the Soviet Union are vital to her. And how about the need of all these countries for Polish coal, Russian timber, Yugoslav agricultural products?

Many of the nations which have sent representatives to Paris are firmly on the road to establishment of collective societies, and none of them is free from what many Americans would call a heavy taint of socialism. They have, for the most part, suffered immeasurably from German imperialism, before as well as during the late war. They are suspicious of such American pronouncements in opposition to the nationalization of the Ruhr industries. They are outright scared of our policy of building up the industries in Germany's Ruhr.

The conference here is both more important than the pessimists would have one believe and less promising than the optimists would have you think. It is not exactly correct to say that nothing important is possible in the absence of the United States, the Soviet Union and the Eastern nations. Many important things can be done, such as working out coöperative economic deals among the nations present, which can be a very healthy base on which to build if the future demonstrates that the Soviet charges are unfounded.

But keep your eye on Germany and Congress. There will be written the answer to the hopes expressed here.

you signed a petition which was reported in the *Daily Worker*.

Professor, he said, I fought Reds in the Pacific.

Professor, he pursued, the job of this committee is to throw every Goddamned Communist into the ocean.

Some time later came Nicklas' peroration: "You are just a college professor and a bit naïve about the facts of life. You should know, Professor, that all these groups fighting anti-Semitism are Communist transmission belts. You go back and tell your Jewish friends that the Jews in Germany stuck their necks out too far and Hitler took good care of them, and the same thing is going to happen here unless they watch their step."

Our inquiry about Nicklas elicited this response from the Un-American Activities people: Nicklas? Why, yes, there was a Chester Nicklas on the pay roll, but he isn't with us now.

That was all. The Un-American Activities Committee couldn't be expected to have a dossier on a fellow like Nicklas.

Act or Recommend

SOVIET delegate Andrei A. Gromyko's speech before the UN Security Council on the bitterly controversial Balkan issue brought clearly into the open a fundamental question. On its answer, the future of the UN itself may depend. (See Henry Wallace, p. 12.) The question is: Does the UN Charter give the Security Council the power to *act* to maintain peace and security in a troubled area such as the northern Greek frontier; or is the limit of the Council's power under the Charter to *recommend* to the sovereign nations affected that they take action?

Recommend only, said Dr. Nissim Mevorah, speaking for Bulgaria in support of Gromyko's uncompromising opposition to America's Warren R. Austin and Britain's Sir Alexander Cadogan, who contended that a UN border patrol is an absolute necessity.

Act, insisted Herschel V. Johnson, deputy US delegate, basing his position on Secretary-General Trygve Lie's statements during the Trieste governorship debate. *Act* also was the view

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of Australia's Colonel William R. Hodgson, who criticized as "quite out of order" Gromyko's proposals. These were that:

1. All foreign military personnel be withdrawn from Greece at once.

2. Foreign economic aid be distributed in Greece only through a specially created UN commission.

3. Greece herself take measures to stop border incidents.

4. Greece establish normal relations with her three Balkan neighbors to adjust differences, the four nations reporting to the Security Council every three months.

The running debate between the Soviet-sponsored position of "recommend only" and the Anglo-American position of "act," by force if necessary, had only begun. And Hodgson was one of those who hinted that it might turn out to be the most significant issue in the Council's history by leading to a viable compromise between the two extremes. Delegations as yet unheard from, he said, would "probably submit draft resolutions, possibly amendments to the United States proposal."

Platform Writing

THE Full Employment Act of 1946 is a historic document. It took the momentous step of legalizing government planning "to promote maximum employment, production, purchasing power" in the US. But since passage, the Act has been used almost exclusively for politicking.

The Democrats declare that the planning envisioned by the law has been consistently sabotaged by a Republican mania for decontrol. They point to the GOP's assassination of the OPA last spring, resulting in a tremendous increase in living costs, as an example. But the Administration has done more than merely use the Act as a springboard for accusations.

The President, assisted by the Council of Economic Advisers created under the Act, has already made one careful, progressive recommendation for social planning (January 8) and last week he said he would soon make another.

Not even this modicum of constructive effort has been evident in Republican response to the Act. A joint congressional committee, set up under the Act to examine and enlarge on the President's reports, at first went into a state of suspended animation under its chairman, Senator Robert Taft (R, Ohio), who was too busy with other matters. Taft finally unfroze the committee and it behaved like the public-relations division of the National Association of Manufacturers.

The committee has become the

The Coming Greek Dictatorship

ALTHOUGH reports from Athens are strangely sketchy, the picture they present offers a deadly parallel to the 1936 scene when King George and John Metaxas set up a royalist-fascist dictatorship to cope with a "Communist threat." The reports fit into a pattern. The man largely responsible for the design is King Paul, whose name has not been mentioned in the news stories. In his first interview as King, Paul said Greece's travail would cease if "the handful" of Communist leaders were eliminated. But the fact is, as was pointed out in the *New Republic* of March 17, that the government cannot take the measures necessary for political pacification and economic stabilization and still remain in power because of its intimate links with the privileged industrial, banking and commercial forces in the country.

Dictatorship seems to be the answer. The first steps already have been taken. The necessary trappings are present—a clever, scheming, ambitious Queen; an ambitious but not very bright King who hates progress and doesn't understand parliamentarism, who says Greece shouldn't have any trade unions, who believes young people are better off playing soccer than thinking, who is closely associated with the militarist leagues, the irredentist RAN and the reactionary SAN. His closest friend and adviser, Spyros Markesinis, has been quietly building *the* party, portentously named "The New Party," since last year. Its leaders are all from the extreme Right of the Royalist Populist Party and its program has been described as one of "streamlined National Socialism." This crowd has been building up the theory of "the necessity of a dictatorship." Not long ago, the most responsible and respectable Royalist newspaper, *Kathimerini*, took up the cry, saying the Greek people want a government which will take "dictatorial measures."

IT had not been possible up to now for the government to take "courageous, strong measures," because of the British and their Labor Government, *Kathimerini* explained. "Greece couldn't take a step to the Right without stepping on Labor Party members in London." Now the British are going and the Greek government has "all the means and its hands are absolutely free." It can do as it pleases, "respecting the constitution, if the constitution doesn't annoy it, or making a constitution of its own, if it does."

"The government should not hesitate or be afraid of anyone," *Kathimerini* suggested. "It has with it the world and the international climate, neither of which any government of the Right has had up to now." Nor need American displeasure be feared, *Kathimerini* pointed out. There is now another "significant factor." The United States "is also granting aid to Turkey, which, if it has no dictatorship, neither does it have intemperate parliamentarism."

IT was to be expected, therefore, that after last week's wholesale arrests, one of the Greek vice-premiers, Sophocles Venizelos, should announce that the action "had the full approval of the Western powers." More than 3,000 persons were arrested, including several hundred members of the Socialist Party—which two years ago broke from the Communist-controlled EAM—many of the centrist Liberal Party and a number of independent progressives such as General Solon Gregoriades. Foreign Minister Constantin Tsaldaris was in New York when the arrests took place. They could scarcely have been carried out without his approval. Maybe Tsaldaris had seen a sign in the sky. And New York's newspaper headlines: "WE RUSH ARMS TO AID GREEKS' WAR ON REBELS" must have warmed his heart.

—CONSTANTINE POULOS

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sounding board for such authorities on the nation's economic health as the presidents of General Motors, General Foods, Studebaker, the Bankers' Trust Company, Continental Mills, the Chicago Association of Commerce, the chairman of the board of International Harvester and a representative of the US Chamber of Commerce. Sandwiched in between, in small type, were a farmer, a man from the CIO and a couple of "non-partisan experts." The testimony of the industrialists has run the gamut from a Fourth of July oration on nineteenth-century laissez-faire capitalism (Wilson of GM) to a serious statement of what kind of controls big business would like (Hoffman of Studebaker). Millard D. Brown, of Continental Mills, charged that "there seems to be a deliberate attempt by many to establish a Democratic form of government in these United States." He laid this trend to a "Communistic pattern" at the door of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Amendments, which provide for income taxes and direct election of Senators.

With this big business tub-thumping as a basis, the committee may issue a limited interim report—the President's needling and the nationwide clamor over high prices make some GOP answer imperative. But what the committee is really doing is to use the machinery of the Full Employment Act to lend congressional prestige to GOP-big-business economic theories. And next February the committee will make a major report which will be, in effect, the Republican economic and social platform for 1948. The report which the President must make to the next session will be its Democratic counterpart.

How Long, Oh Lord?

Dr. Chaim Weizmann, venerable Zionist leader, testified before the UN Special Committee on Palestine and ONA correspondent Gerold Frank cabled a description of the scene:

JERUSALEM. – Outside, there is the brutal glare of the Palestinian sun. Inside the room, bright lights shine down on the horseshoe table where members of the UN Special Committee on Palestine sit listening to what a long series of investigators have heard again and again. The old man retelling the story he has told to so many committees and commissions holds his large-lettered script only a few inches from his eyes.

Dr. Chaim Weizmann is nearly blind. He is old, weary with waiting and disappointment; the guiding hand of friends had to lead him step by step to his place at the table.

"This," he had told one of his friends, "will be the last time I'll appear before a committee of inquiry even if the Angel Gabriel is on it." Dr. Weizmann puts down his script. Through a blur he sees the faces of the men at the table, to him the final court, the last investigators; for these men are of the UN and Dr. Weizmann has faith in the UN, as much faith as a man can have after so much pleading, so much repeating of things already known.

"I'm old enough to utter the warning again," Dr. Weizmann says. "Time is of the essence. This situation brooks no delay. We've suffered enough. Gentlemen, end this agony! Give us time, give us a chance to turn around, give the Jewish people a chance to do what it is destined to do. . . ."

The room is silent. Outside the doors in the streets of this ancient town are men in the uniform of the nation which this tired, almost blind old man did so much to help in a time of trouble. Dr. Weizmann resumes. "Do I think this will be done without trouble?" he asks. "Oh, no, I'm not so foolish as to think that," he assures the men behind the neat, shiny little plaques reading India, Guatemala, Czechoslovakia, Uruguay—small nations which once wanted freedom and independence, too.

NOTHING is done without trouble," the voice of this great Briton, who is also a great Jew, goes on. "God has chosen this small land to give many great messages to the world. May this not happen again? The word of peace for the world may again go out from this land which so sorely needs peace. The Almighty will keep His promise in His own good time, but we humans must do our imperfect best as best we can. . . ." Dr. Weizmann's face contracts as daggers of pain stab into his eyes. But he resumes his reading of the long, long story. He does what he can.

Generous Juan

RADIO stations around the world—1,165 of them—carried President Juan D. Peron's boast that Argentina was accomplishing marvels of generosity to aid humanity, to fulfill aspirations to peace, to foster "the material and economic rehabilitation of all suffering nations." The words were big, the phrases rich.

The deeds were: Peron sells his wheat to Europe for $5 to $6 a bushel (the US price is about $2.20); Peron holds surplus foods off the world market for higher prices, restricting exports despite good crops; Peron refuses to join the 34-nation food council in the collective allocation of supplies, preferring to pick his own favorite recipients and charging them all the traffic will bear.

A State Department official commented: "Whom does he think he is fooling?"

Labor Prepares

LABOR'S counter-attack on the Congress that passed the Taft-Hartley Act is taking definite form. The CIO Political Action Committee, meeting in Pittsburgh, launched a campaign to collect one million $1 bills in the next year—more than five times as much as was raised in the 1946 drive.

Philip Murray gave his private promise to the PAC board that he would set to work on the drive 500 local leaders from the steelworkers, never before really organized for political action. The CIO-PAC aims at turning every one of the million contributors into an active worker for registering voters. Labor Day this year will be a political-action day for the CIO, the theme being stressed at all local celebrations.

At a Washington AFL meeting, all 105 international unions resolved finally to follow the lead of hundreds

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of their own locals and set up a national AFL political-action organization with adequate finances. John L. Lewis, widely believed in Washington to have already made a deal with Dewey for '48, is said to be ready to revive Labor's Non-Partisan League, his old political organization.

A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, is trying to get Philip Murray, William Green, Alvanley Johnston and A. E. Lyon to join in creating a joint political-action strategy board so that labor groups will get together in supporting congressional candidates in 1948.

In Baltimore, the AFL, the CIO, the BRT, the PCA and the Americans for Democratic Action have been pushing the Department of Justice toward a test of section 304 of the Taft-Hartley Act, which prohibits political expenditures, by giving all-out support to Judge Ed Garmatz, Democratic candidate for Congress from the Third District. But neither of the Democratic Senators, Tydings and O'Conor, shows any sign of wanting Attorney General Clark to prosecute. The department will probably wait until the special election in early September in the Eighth District of Pennsylvania for a test of the Taft-Hartley political prohibition. Though the unions will cooperate in providing evidence of violations there, too, President Truman can breathe more easily after the CIO-PAC board meeting. His name wasn't mentioned once and there was no sign that Murray might support a third-party move in 1948.

Feeding the Kitty

WHEN the Chinese Embassy, currently soliciting huge loans from the US, entertained Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder at dinner last week, it missed no bets. Also included on the Embassy guest list were: Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board; John J. McCloy, president of the World Bank; William McChesney Martin Jr., president of the Export-Import Bank; Camille Gutt, director of the World Monetary Fund, and Charles Ross, secretary to President Truman.

Another Try

TO the flying-disk furore the New York *Sun* last week added an earth-bound scare of its own—the "discovery" that civilian control of atomic energy had cost America "the secret." Under a three-line, banner headline, the *Sun* proclaimed excitedly that "unknown agents" had stolen documents embodying "highly secret data" from the atomic-energy plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. The "loss," the newspaper said, could be blamed on inadequate precautions of the *civilian* Atomic Energy Commission. It had "frightened, baffled and thoroughly disgusted" members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. It would "blast the nation's atomic-energy set-up into a total reorganization."

Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper (R, Iowa) debunked the scare the next day. He told the Senate that the theft was carried out in March, 1946, when the entire atomic-bomb project was under tight *Army* control; it was discovered in April, 1947, through the vigilance of the *civilian* commission and at once reported to the FBI; it took place at the Los Alamos laboratories in New Mexico, *not* at Oak Ridge; the thieves, far from being "unknown agents," were two US Army sergeants who had taken the documents as souvenirs, returned them and convinced the FBI their contents had not been disclosed to anyone.

Before Hickenlooper spoke, however, Representative J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.), who is not an entirely new hand at the technique of planting scare stories, commented on the *Sun* story: "The news was no surprise to me." After the Senate speech discrediting the *Sun* "revelation," he said, "No comment."

The collapse of the scare would probably not put an end to the energetic efforts of Thomas and a like-minded faction of congressmen and military officers who want atomic energy in Army hands and who are resorting to ersatz spy alarms as part of a campaign to discredit the Atomic Energy Commission.

Staunch defenders of civilian as against Army control include such Senate leaders as Vandenberg (R, Mich.), Hickenlooper and Millikin (R, Colo.). The leader of the pro-Army control faction is Major General Leslie R. Groves, who has lots of off-the-record information for reporters on the "incompetence" of the civilians. But most people in Washington believe it will take more than Groves and phony spy scares to shift atomic-energy control back to the Army.

Blame It on John

THE Morgan and Mellon empires are already inviting the general public to pick up the check for the "political contribution" made to John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers in the new contract. Morgan's US Steel Company and Mellon's Consolidation Coal Company helped Lewis force the rest of the coal industry to give the miners the best contract in their history. The President's Council of Economic Advisers said industry could absorb the extra production costs. But nobody paid any attention to such talk. The big boys saw the lid off the cookie jar and plunged in:

¶ Pittsburgh Consolidation led off with an increase of 75 cents a ton in coal prices as of July 1. Coal retailers in the Pittsburgh area followed. The retail price of coal to the consumer will go up $1 per ton.

¶ Steel spokesmen indicated prices might rise as much as $5 per ton. (US

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Steel, worrying over how to explain the all-time record profit it will show for the second quarter of 1947, put off its price decision until its board meeting on July 26. But it encouraged independent companies to take the first step.)

¶ Durable-goods manufacturers took a careful look around and decided that they could get away with further price increases after all. So expect prices to go up later this year on autos, auto parts, electrical and farm equipment and most household appliances.

¶ Utilities will put the pressure on regulating commissions for increased electric-power rates, pleading increased coal costs.

¶ Railroads will give the same reason for asking the Interstate Commerce Commisssion for an additional 15-to-20-percent increase in freight rates.

¶ With more and more users shifting from coal to oil, oil prices will continue to go up perhaps even after the present shortage ends.

It's a neat deal. First take care of friend John, then blame him for high prices while pocketing unheard-of-profits.

Perfume Screen

THE GOP, with its more unsavory "musts" out of the way, is currently trying to foster the notion that it is also behind progressive social legislation. Two cases in point:

¶ Anti-poll-tax bill. Seven states, sending 69 Representatives and 14 Senators to Congress, have a poll tax. Some seven million whites and three million Negroes are disfranchised, and the poll tax is largely responsible for the fact that Southern Democrats in Congress vote consistently with the reactionary Republicans. In 1942, 1944 and 1946, anti-poll-tax bills passed the House, only to be killed in the Senate by a Southern filibuster. The present bill seems likely to follow the same weary course. The GOP leadership could break a filibuster this time. But it probably will let it get swamped in the Senate and blame the Democrats.

¶ Minimum wage. There has been no increase in the legal minimum wage of 40 cents an hour set by the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, although the cost of living has gone up 55 percent. The GOP claims loudly and publicly that it wants to up this to 60 or even 65 cents. A House committee is holding hearings on a 60-cent bill. But its chances are negligible because so far the GOP leadership has failed to put any real pressure behind it. Should the 60-cent bill suddenly get a green light, it would be the one crumb dropped by the GOP to liberals this session.

"Harvey" in the Senate

SENATOR Wayne Morse (R, Ore.) is a true progressive. But he is also a politician, and when he spoke in the Senate at some length about "We liberal Republicans," it was too much for Glen Taylor (D, Idaho).

Taylor: "I think the Senator from Oregon has a sort of 'Harvey' complex. Perhaps the Senators have heard of the play on Broadway in which the principal actor has a friend—a large, invisible rabbit. . . . I think the liberal Republicans to whom the Senator refers are his 'Harvey.' He likes to talk about them and I suppose in his estimation they are big, but when we get down to bare facts, 'Harvey' just is not there."

Vacation in a Smoke-Filled Room

Thomas E. Dewey, his family, and a cortege of secretaries and public-relations men are touring the West on the silly pretext that they are not trying to drum up votes. NR *correspondent Roscoe Fleming reports on one of their stops.*

DENVER.—Non-candidate Dewey was met at the Colorado state line by a prominent group of Republicans who talked non-politics with him (according to them) all the way to Denver. At the station more Republicans were on hand to meet him. Among the absentees were Colorado's Democratic Governor William Lee Knous and Denver's non-partisan Mayor James Quigg Newton. Each had declined to meet Dewey unless guaranteed the other would do so.

The non-candidate, smiling from right to left, was cavalcaded down Seventeenth Street, Denver's Broadway, and escorted by motorcycle cops with screaming sirens to the Brown Palace Hotel. Nearing the caravansary, they blew their sirens at a motorist who refused to pull over to the curb, but stubbornly held his place and compelled the non-parade to fall in behind him. A motorcycle cop rode up beside the motorist and demanded, "What's the matter with you? Didn't you hear the sirens?" The driver responded, "I heard them, but I don't know of any law that compels me to get out of that guy's way." Expecting a ticket, the motorist was surprised when the cop merely laughed and declared, "I don't blame you."

Through a mix-up in arrangements, reporters had a hectic time on Denver's hottest summer day in finding the non-candidate for a press conference, at which he declared pleasantly that since this was a pure vacation trip he could not discuss politics. Explaining the mix-up to the hot and harried press, hot and harried Paul Lockwood, Dewey's executive secretary, said, "Jim Hagerty takes care of the press, and I take care of the politicians."

A reporter asked, "If this is just a vacation trip for Mr. Dewey, why did you come along at all?" Mopping his brow, Lockwood replied, "Oh, everyone's entitled to a vacation. I'm just taking mine along with the Governor."

It all seemed pretty non-funny.

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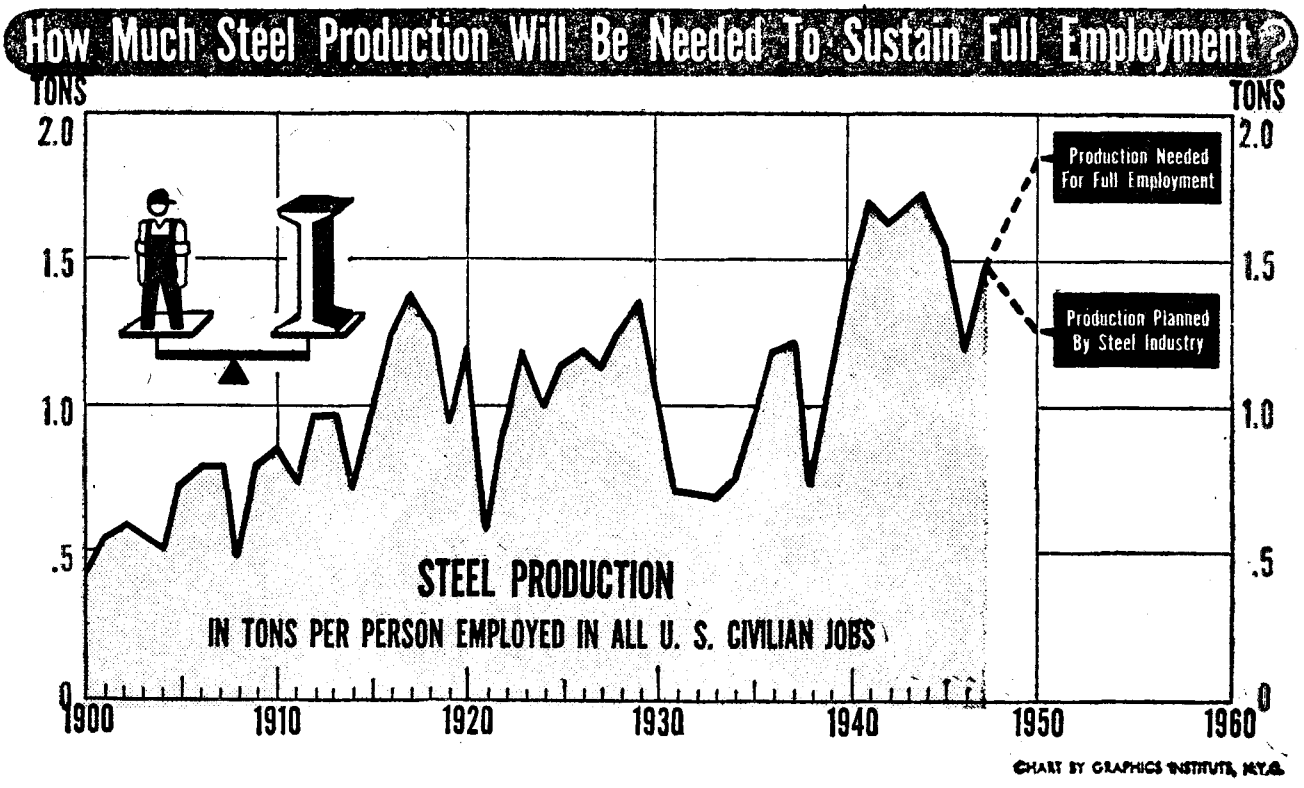

More Steel—or Fewer Jobs

by William Walton

THIS chart concerns the jobs of American workers and the welfare of millions overseas. It tells the story of the steel capacity that we need for full production in America and the steel capacity that the industry is planning to provide.

In wartime a shortage of steel capacity delayed by many months production of ships, tanks and planes. In peace, steel capacity is again running short, and the shortage will grow more serious as our working force expands and our commitments to Europe increase.

The steel industry estimates US needs in 1955 as 78 million tons.

Government economists estimate the need at 100 to 120 million tons.

Future production will be determined now by the decision of the industry to expand or contract its plant capacity. If the government is right, and the industry prevails, depression must be the result.

Despite the fact that other industries such as oil and container manufacturers are crying aloud that their work is hampered by a lack of steel, the steel industry has refused to expand its present maximum capacity of 91 million tons annually, content with current high profits and fearful of another depression leaving it with idle mills on its hands.

The catch in the steel industry's estimate of US needs is that its figures are based on the top demand reached in 1929, when the American economic machine was going full tilt. Government economists argue, however, that in the intervening 18 years great changes have taken place, multiplying the uses to which steel can be put and expanding the quantity which the nation is capable of absorbing.

In its hearings, the steel subcommittee of the Senate has heard eloquent testimony as to the close relationship between steel production and unemployment. When steel production drops, so does employment. One of the top government statisticians, Dr. Louis H. Bean, economic adviser to the Secretary of Agriculture, presented a series of charts (the above is one of them) demonstrating our ability to absorb an increased production of steel and the necessity for increased production in order to maintain full employment.

Studying production and employment figures through this century, Bean found that production in 1900 was one-half ton for every worker employed in the nation. Since then the per-capita tonnage has increased to 1.8 tons, so that production of more than 100 million tons will be required if the present labor force of 60 million is to be kept constant in the next few years.

After all its hearings, steel committeemen are nowhere near unity on what should be done about the problem. The chairman, Senator Martin (R) of Pennsylvania, thinks the interests of his steel-producing constituents would be served by a negative course. He has urged President Truman to ban steel exports. Senator Murray (D) of Montana, takes an opposite view. He has drafted a bill requiring the RFC to give priority to loans to steel companies, especially small ones, for plant expansion. The final decision remains in the hands of Big Steel.

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Henry Wallace

The UN—Our Hope

IGNORED, circumvented, obstructed, the United Nations still remains our great hope for enduring peace. Those of us who know that One World is not only possible, but necessary, must direct our efforts to strengthening the UN.

Last week I took advantage of my first opportunity to visit the temporary UN headquarters at Lake Success. It was the day on which Andrei Gromyko presented Russia's counter-resolution to the US proposal for a Balkan Border Commission.

Before the session opened I visited the delegates' lounge to pay my respects to Herschel Johnson, who was pinch-hitting for Warren Austin as our representative on the Security Council. We talked for a time and he showed me the dramatic photographs taken by the Balkan Commission in Greece. Then Gromyko came in and the press photographers took a number of pictures of Johnson, Gromyko and myself, with the two delegates shaking hands. I was interested to note that the press the next day carried only pictures of Gromyko and me, and once more I had to wonder about the possibilities of our overcoming prejudice among the nations, in view of the prejudices of our own free press.

Later on, I sat in the low-ceilinged chamber of the Security Council and listened to Gromyko's hard-boiled reply to similarly hard-boiled speeches made by Austin and Sir Alexander Cadogan several days before. Gromyko felt the UN commission's report on the Balkan borders was political, not factual. He minced no words in his indictment of the US resolution, though he didn't match Cadogan, who maintained that if the Security Council defeated the resolution, the delegates might as well tear up the Charter and go home.

The intransigence on both sides on an issue which seemed open to compromise left me with the feeling that the recent moves and counter-moves in international affairs outside of the UN have so sharpened differences as to make the UN almost powerless. It was obvious that the power was not at Lake Success. Nor were the fundamental issues being debated there. The fundamental economic issues were being discussed elsewhere—outside the framework of the UN. Border commissions cannot guarantee peace in the Balkans. As long as nationalism prevents economic planning, and as long as corrupt governments oppress peoples, as in Greece, the danger of conflict will remain. These are the issues that the UN must face if it is to live.

In talks with UN delegates from Eastern and Western Europe I sensed the impossibility of compromise because of the pressure of the two great powers. Some of the delegates intimated that the United States was intent on provoking a Soviet veto. Such a showdown would not be a vindication of the principles of the Charter, as some Americans believe. It would cause real despair over the UN, renewed demands for national rearmament, conscription, military control of atomic energy and a further shift away from the UN.

TODAY there is the greatest danger that the UN will be left to wither away in idleness. The Paris conferences will probably establish an executive committee to determine priorities in European needs and to administer the aid offered by America according to this priorities system. It will keep the UN Economic Commission for Europe fully informed, but the committee and not the commission will be the real operating agency in Europe. If a separate peace is made with western Germany, it will further solidify the emergence of a Western alliance outside the UN. If America forces the issue of control of atomic energy by presenting a treaty to the UN Assembly this autumn on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, we may even face the reorganization of the UN, or at least the establishment of a defense system, outside the UN, of nations which accept the Baruch plan.

These measures cannot bring peace. Only through a strong UN can we have peace. Only by being fully and constructively used can the UN gain strength. One of the most brilliant members of the UN staff, Henri Laugier, summed up this truth in a recent speech. He said: "The immediate danger for the United Nations is not that it should have grave problems to settle; it is that the world's great problems should be settled outside it."

Laugier concluded, "For the immediate future the law governing our actions should be 'The Charter, only the Charter, but the whole Charter'." Certainly no one can argue that the Charter is a final or even an adequate protection against war. Roosevelt understood

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very well that the Charter would have to be strengthened as the UN grew. But today the Charter is the one major guide to the conduct of international relations that all great nations accept. As long as they abide by the Charter, peace is secure and the way is open to the development of a stronger body of world law.

Despite the bitter exchanges that have threatened the meeting of the Economic Commission for Europe at Geneva, I feel that the commission can and must be brought back into the work of European reconstruction. Even if the European nations are able to agree quickly on a system of priorities for their needs, and if Congress in special session implements these needs, supplies probably will not reach Europe for at least a year. Once again we need to remember Marshall's words, "The patient is dying while the doctors deliberate." In these months it is of the greatest importance, now and for the future, that immediate needs of Europe be faced, in an emergency program administered through the UN.

Last winter was a desperate one for Europe. Travelling through Europe in the spring, I saw millions of people so close to the margin of subsistence that the bare struggle for existence dominated their lives. For many reasons, including the exhaustion of soil and the absence of fertilizer and farm and factory equipment, the coming winter in Europe may be even worse. The size of the European grain crop is still unknown. Conditions in Eastern Europe are good so far, but the severe winter has killed a large part of the wheat in Western Europe.

Lithograph by Kaethe Kollwitz, Courtesy H. Bittner and Co.

Last year 23 European countries, including all of Eastern Europe except Russia, were allocated 17.7 million tons of wheat by the International Emergency Food Council. This total was more than four million tons short of estimated minimum needs. The choking off of UNRRA added to the misery of Europe. The Food and Agriculture Organization has closely followed the developments in European food production and the IEFC, though due to be disbanded this winter, is ready to continue its role of allocating supplies. A vital UN agency, the International Refugee Organization, is still paralyzed by lack of funds. While Russia is not a member of these agencies in which other Eastern European countries participate, Europe can be held together this winter if they are used for the administration of relief. If they are ignored in favor of others set up to supply Western Europe alone, the division of Europe may be completed this year.

If fully used, these agencies can keep a close relationship to the UN and provide relief on a non-political basis. That is the only basis on which we can offer relief and remain true to the traditions of the United States and the principles of the Charter. If we prepare an emergency program now and use it to strengthen the UN, we shall provide another means of opening the way to over-all coöperation on the Marshall program as originally set forth and on the political and military problems that confound the UN today.

Molotov's withdrawal from the Paris conference undoubtedly cost Russia good will in Europe and increased the standing of the US among countries for whom economic assistance is a matter of life and death. Yet there are grave difficulties to be overcome and many lean months to be endured before the Marshall program could help the peoples of Western Europe in their daily lives. In the long run it is the United States which will suffer a permanent loss of prestige unless we show our willingness to build One World through use of the machinery of the UN.

LISTENING to the bitter debate in the hall of the Security Council, it seemed to me that in 1789 the small, weak organization that was to become the government of the United States suffered far greater difficulties than those the UN faces today. In 1789, we found enough basic agreement on common problems to overcome the innumerable quarrels that divided us. So we became a united nation. Roosevelt, when he conceived the UN, believed that through patience in building One World, the growth of the United Nations could parallel the growth of the United States. I still think that he was right. H. W.

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Editorial

Gambler's Choice in China

A FEW weeks ago, the United States announced that it had sold 130 million rounds of rifle ammunition to Chiang Kai-shek. The sale was the first minor flank action —and a victory—in a growing campaign to upset the policy of the United States in the Orient.

American policy rests shakily on the State Department's recognition of two incontrovertible facts: That the government of Chiang Kai-shek operates through a machinery of terror, and that it is ridiculously inefficient.

Our government has a complete dossier on Chiang's domestic brutality. The terror operates not only in villages and provincial cities but quite openly in Chiang's own capital, Nanking. The terror seizes students from their parents' homes and throws them into concentration camps; it butchers peasants protesting conscription; it arrests and tortures newspapermen of all political opinions. Its gunmen assassinate professors.

Chiang's inefficiency has been as appalling as his terror. His campaigns have been mismanaged in the field, his armies have crumbled. His crack American-trained First Army has lost half of its combat strength in a year. His bomber groups are grounded uselessly at the coast for lack of spare parts. The life and industry of Manchuria have been ruined by his graft-hungry carpetbaggers. His economy has broken at the seams, his currency has depreciated to a twenty-fifth of its value in the past 20 months.

About a year ago, the State Department, bolstered by Marshall's concurrent opinion, decided that Chiang's government was hopeless as an instrument for counteracting communism in Asia. It decided to fulfill the promises made after V-J Day, but to make no new commitments of aid. These old promises committed us to $4 billion worth of services and supplies.

Early in May, the punishing defeats suffered by his armies made Chiang realize that the American government's ban on further military aid would doom him. He set out to upset that ban. This meant a wholehearted campaign to convince the American people that their own government was in error. But to help him, Chiang was favored by the climate of American thinking and by the anti-Communist hysteria of a large section of the American press. Two months ago the campaign to change American policy began.

WITHOUT the aid of a counter-intelligence corps, no one can trace the full extent of Chinese undercover activity in this country. Their secret service, for example, operates clandestinely from the Washington Embassy, and the former chief-of-staff of the Chinese army maintains an independent office in New York City.

But even without a clear accounting of undercover activity, the open network of Chinese propaganda and influence is most impressive. The Chinese government maintains main bureaus in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. It publishes a slick monthly magazine on Chinese affairs in America, subsidizes another, distributes its publicity and news items to huge mailing lists. It has a radio liaison station in Ventura, California, which transmits information directly from Nanking to New York. Although its American agents are registered with the Department of Justice, no enterprising newspaper has published their names.

The mastermind of the present Chinese propaganda campaign is Dr. Hollington K. Tong, called back to the cabinet after an eighteen months' exile. Tong is a man illogically torn between personal devotion to Chiang and muzzled loathing of the depravity of Chiang's armies. That he should have returned to Chiang's service despite his private bitterness is the best index of Chiang's need.

TONG's personal charm hides the fact that he is one of the shrewdest men ever to manipulate American public opinion. Since his return, Chinese propaganda has achieved a new slickness. Its first coup was the discovery of 100,000 Korean Communist troops in Manchuria sent there by the Russians. No American correspondent has yet been able to verify this one. Next, was the invasion of Chinese Sinkiang by "Russian Controlled Mongols." This one was exploded by Tillman Durdin, New York *Times* China Bureau chief, who pointed out that the invasion took place in an area where no defined border existed, and that border tribes in central Asia had been making such raids since time immemorial. Third, was the announcement that Russia had armed 600,000 Communists in Manchuria. Our own military intelligence service maintained last month that it had no proof whatsoever of this charge.

The calculated effect of all this in American headlines has been to create the impression that Chiang is being whipped, not by his own stupidity and inefficiency, but by a carefully planned Russian invasion.

Tong's campaign has been getting a brilliant assist from the American press. For it is the press that affects the foreign policy of Washington far more than the pathetic figure of Wellington Koo, the Chinese Ambassador, who comes hat in hand to beg for a loan. An enormous amount of pressure can be exerted on impressionable minds in Congress by its curious presentation of facts. The leaders in this crusade to rescue Chiang Kai-shek have been the Luce magazines and the Scripps-Howard papers.

The press campaign of Chiang's allies in the USA is

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simple, dirty and very effective. Their tactic is to smear as Reds, or subject to Red influence, the entire office of Far Eastern Affairs of the State Department. Their goal is to drive a wedge between top policy makers such as Marshall and Lovett on the one hand, and the men who, on the other hand, supply, correlate and interpret the information from the field on which policy is based.

The particular personal victim for their smear at the present moment is John Carter Vincent, head of the office of Far Eastern Affairs, and to a lesser measure all his deputies at the China desk. If these men can be smeared adroitly enough, the smear may stick. Given the present hysteria in Washington, their careers can be ruined and they can be forced out.

John Carter Vincent and the men who serve under him are honest, conscientious, sharp-thinking officers who have served years—in some cases, decades—in China. The tradition of the State Department, in which they have been nursed, requires a reporting officer to report the facts as he sees them and let the policy-makers balance the facts with America's national goals. The two solid facts about China which they cannot alter even if they perjure themselves are that Chiang remains a hopelessly cruel despot and that his government is perhaps the most inefficient and inept on the face of the globe today.

THE sale of 130 million bullets to Chiang Kai-shek represents a major victory for those who believe that Chiang must be supported at all cost. But they know that 130 million are not enough.

Any officer in Military Intelligence could, if permitted, have demonstrated the folly of the sale. The rifles for which these bullets are intended are old, Chinese-made, their barrels worn. The quantity given, spread over three million troops, is insufficient for more than a few months of active war. There is nothing fruitful, in a technical sense, about the sale. It is a crutch, not a cure, for Chiang's limping armies.

The victory scored by Chiang's propagandists is a political one. It bolsters Chiang's regime in China, gives him great face by seeming to promise more to come. It encourages Chiang to wait in the hope that substantially material support may be forthcoming shortly.

The Chinese are now asking for a loan of roughly $1 billion from the United States. Such a sum must come by congressional appropriation, and Congress will certainly summon State Department opinion to the Hill for questioning.

If the State Department specialists are allowed to speak their mind, they must certainly point out that:

1. The Chinese people hate Chiang Kai-shek's government, and our support of it smears us with the same hate.
2. Four billion of our dollars have already been spent in Chiang's support, bringing neither peace nor hope.
3. Another billion dollars will be only a down payment on what is needed to rehabilitate Chiang's armies.

The struggle over Chinese policy in the next few months will revolve, then, on the attempt to silence or smear State Department opinion and information. If the State Department is asked to present the full facts at a public hearing, Chiang's most critical campaign is ruined.

TO face the future in China requires of America a certain amount of courage. No likely solution will please our ethics or tradition. All we can seek is the solution that will be the least dangerous and costly.

Two ruthless groups are contending for the control of the people of China. Chiang rests on terror and American support; his terror is tempered by no return of more rice, more land or better living to the people. The Communists who contend with Chiang are ruthless men, too. But in return for the sacrifices they demand of the people, they give control of the land to the people who till it.

The policy advocated by those who demand support for Chiang is based upon these assumptions: that no matter how embarrassing Chiang's political countenance, he is good because he hates Communists; that communism everywhere is the same brutal conspiracy; that, finally, all Communists everywhere are tools of Moscow.

All of these assumptions need careful study. Chiang, to be sure, hates Communists—but that in itself does not make him good. Hitler, too, hated Communists.

Communism, to be sure, has brutality sealed in the core of it; but in China, Chiang Kai-shek is far more brutal.

The last assumption—that all Communists are tools of Moscow—is the most dangerous. Beyond doubt the Chinese Communists are a Communist Party of the classic Marxist model. But they have a history of bitter disagreement with Moscow. The Chinese Communist Party has been riven again and again by the struggle between doctrinaire followers of the Kremlin and men who give their first allegiance to China herself. In China, the present leadership of the party is in the hands of native Chinese, not Moscow functionaries. When the Kremlin presses too closely, Chinese Communists rebel. Mao Tse-tung has in the past gone so far as to imprison Comintern representatives and to force their Chinese adherents out of his policy committee.

Nothing we can do will create democracy in China. A policy of nickel-and-dime aid cannot salvage Chiang from defeat—it must eventually force the Chinese Communists to seek aid in Moscow and commit their entire policy to Moscow's direction.

A loan program of $10 or $15 billion will ally us to a criminal police state that exists only for the duration of our support.

The only policy left is one of complete withdrawal, a hands-off gamble. This gamble can mean that China relapses into unending strife and chaos, proving to the world that China as yet lacks the makings of greatness. Or, it can mean that the Chinese people will choose their own leadership and that this leadership will be responsible to Chinese interests alone, not to the military security of either the United States or the Soviet Union. This is an uncertain gamble; but these are the best alternatives that history can give us in this age of struggle.

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Our Local Died in 1951

MacArthurville, Ind., Friday, July 13, 1951

Mr. George Overton,
Executive Secretary,
United Refrigeration Workers
of America
National Headquarters,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR GEORGE: I'm sorry I wasn't able to answer your letter sooner, but it's taken me a few days to shake myself down. You asked me to give you the complete story on why we decided to dissolve Local 462 of the URW here in MacArthurville. "Decide" is hardly the word, George; we didn't have much choice in the matter. You've already received our formal notice of the dissolution, and now that at least the first shock has worn off, I'll try to fill in the details.

It all started, as you know, back on June 23, 1947, when the Taft-Hartley bill became the law of the land. Things had been going moderately well at the Free Enterprise Manufacturing Company up till then—we were working two full shifts, sales were booming, and though our wages were behind prices, they were less than a year behind. The atmosphere around the plant had been changing for some time, but I didn't think too much about it till I had to see the company president, Colonel K. Albermarle ("Buck") Smith, on June 24, the day after the T-H bill went through.

I remember Buck was happy that morning. He was reading a copy of the Act which he had just received from his good friend, Senator Wolverton Welch. A few days later he added three members to his legal staff and made a speech to the Rotary Club about "the return to the American way which made this country the richest in the world."

Our contract with FE was to expire on November 1, 1947. Business was good, the company's 1948 model, "Spirit of '76," was going over fine, and we didn't want to strike. On September 1, we gave FE the required notice that the contract would run out in 60 days, and asked when management wanted to start negotiating a new contract. That's just what Buck and his legal eagles were waiting for. They refused to accept our union cards as evidence of a majority, and asked the NLRB for a new election to decide if we were the qualified bargaining agent.

While we were stewing over that one, we notified the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, as the law insists, that our contract was due to expire. But it seems we should have let the State Conciliation Board know, too. Under the then-new Taft-Hartley Act, our oversight made it necessary for us to refile our notifications, which held everything up for 60 days.

This account of what may happen under the Taft-Hartley Act was written by Jan Hasbrouck.

Buck still wouldn't bargain till we'd had our election. On January 1, our old contract, with its extensions, finally ran out and we naturally refused to continue work without it. We figured we had tried in good faith to deal with FE. A couple of days later, the NLRB ordered us back to work on the grounds we were trying to compel an employer to bargain collectively before we'd been certified as the bargaining agent. And Local 462 with 100-per-cent-paid-up membership at FE for three years!

It was right here that one of the real kickers in the Act hit us where it really hurts a union. Seventeen of the guys most active in Local 462 were told, "Sorry, Bud, but there's no job for you here any more." And that was that; under the T-H brain child this was not an unfair labor practice.

Things drifted along. In June, we heard the NLRB was ready to hold the election. I guess old Buck heard it too, because on June 12 he filed a charge with the NLRB that one of our officials had been coercing FE employees to vote right. It was nonsense, of course, but a hearing had to be held.

As you remember, the NLRB was more than a year behind in its work even before the passage of the Taft-Hartley Act. It was hopelessly swamped by this time, and under the new law it could no longer hold elections while a hearing was pending. We waited all through 1948 and most of 1949. There wasn't any contract, but Buck had fixed it with Welch to get lots of our electric refrigerators sent to Greece and business was pretty good, so he kept us at the 1946 wage scales. The cost of living went up 17 percent. We were helpless, and the local began to fall apart.

Finally, in the fall of 1949, the NLRB declared the coercion charges groundless and the election was held. Between you and me, some of us were surprised when we got a good majority. The NLRB certified us as bargaining agent, and FE agreed to a higher wage rate. But the union was in tough shape, and to try to pull it back together we asked Smith at a conference one day for a security clause in the new contract. That did it. One of Buck's legal hawks passed him a note. He grinned, nodded to the lawyer, and said to me, "You must realize that I have no objection to granting you a security clause, but under the most recent interpretation of the law, your request for one is an unfair labor practice. I have no choice, as a law-abiding American, but to insist on a special NLRB security-clause election."

Well, we thought we were off again. But since Smith said he had no objection to a security clause if we could meet the conditions, the NLRB accepted our petition for the special election. I guess Buck thought we could never get the OK of a majority of all FE employees. The election was set for January 9, 1950.

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All during that fall our organizers did a good job preparing for the election. Buck was getting worried and told his lawyer to give. They had used a lot of *obvious* dodges, but that Taft-Hartley Act is a real grab bag for the diligent company lawyer. This time they came up with section 9, sub-section F, paragraph 6, sub-paragraph 1, sub-sub-paragraph 2, which says that a union cannot be recognized under the law until it has "furnished to all of the members of such labor organization copies of the financial report required by paragraph (1) hereof to be filed with the Secretary of Labor." Well, just three days before the election Smith's lawyers rushed into the local NLRB waving affidavits from three supposed members of Local 76, URW, somewhere in New Mexico, saying they hadn't been furnished the 1948 statement. The FE boys asked that the election be postponed until this could be cleared up.

IN March, the board found out that the guys in New Mexico had resigned from the union before the statements were sent out. The security election was set again for September 20.

In addition to the financial-statement business, as you know, the T-H Act stipulates that no union can be recognized by the NLRB unless each of its officials files a statement that he is not "a member of the Communist Party, or affiliated with such party." Since most of us are about as far Left as Bill Green, we all filed. Well, five days before the election Smith's busy lawyers scurried around to the NLRB again, this time with affidavits stating that on Labor Day, at Al's Bar and Grill, Frank Eldridge, one of our officials, was overheard to say: "I think the Russians have a lot of guts; look at Leningrad and Stalingrad." Again, on September 11, Eldridge seems to have said: "If the free American voters want to elect a Communist, a dwarf, a Silver Shirter or even Flash Gordon to Congress, I can't see but what that's their privilege." They claimed that these statements proved Eldridge a Communist and that therefore Local 462, of which he was an official, could not be recognized under the law. For once Buck's boys had read the law wrong—the screwy Taft-Hartley Act says you have to *file* the non-Communist statement, but, as far as a union's NLRB rights are concerned, it doesn't differentiate between true and false statements. Buck sent on the affidavits to the Federal District Attorney for possible perjury action against Frank, though, and we received a lot of rotten publicity.

WITH poor Eldridge trying to convince everybody, including the FBI, that he was not Stalin's agent, and with every paper in the neighborhood screaming that we were run by Reds, we lost our security election. The next week Smith, a hard man to satisfy, was right there with a petition to the board saying that he didn't think Local 462 still represented a majority and demanding another membership election.

I'll skip some of the detail here, George, to get to the payoff. Just let me say that was a pretty rough period for us. The cost of living was up 26 percent and FE's profits were at an all-time high. But we still got our 1946 rate of $1.04 an hour. We went through the whole weary business again, and again won a membership election and got certified. That time we actually got a contract out of FE. The local was sick by then, and old Buck pretty well wrote his own ticket. He gave us a nine-percent increase in wages, but insisted we continue our old "no-strike" clause even though we had no shop security of any kind. We had to give it to him.

We simmered along on this so-called contract for a while and I noticed that quite a few energetic, articulate young guys were getting hired and showing great interest in the union. A couple of them got elected shop stewards, and finally one of them convinced the boys in the crating room that petitions and other legal means would never persuade old skinflint Smith to fix the broken flue which was making them all cough continually. He talked them into a half-day demonstration without letting us at local headquarters know about it.

When I heard this I knew we were really getting the works this time. Buck said it was a strike and, since all strikes were illegal under our contract, brought suit against us in the US District Court for contract violation. He wanted $54,000 damages. The bright new employees, incidentally, I never saw again. The 1950 fall elections were coming on and we decided that our only chance was to try to get some men who would speak for us in Congress and the state legislature. So we hired a hall in town to hold a rally for Dan Robinson, who was running against Senator Wolverton Welch in the Republican primary. (As you remember, Dan lost.) The morning after the rally, Smith's lawyers were camping on the doorstep of the US District Attorney to complain that the $50 we paid for the hall was a political contribution in violation of section 313 of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of 1925 as amended by—guess what—the Taft-Hartley Act.

FROM here on, the end was quick and sure. The US District Court Judge, Emmett Burke, a brother-in-law of Senator Welch, found Local 462 guilty of violation of contract and directed us to pay damages to FE of $9,000 plus all the company's legal costs. A week later the same court fined us $5,000 for violation of the Corrupt Practices Act. Since the $50 was voted by our executive board, Judge Burke ruled that each officer "consented" to the expenditure, and fined each of us $500. The one-year jail sentence was suspended.

You know the rest. On the Fourth of July, 1951, the remaining members of Local 462 met in a field near the plant and voted to dissolve the local. The few funds we had left were turned over to the court in part payment of the fines and assessments. A telegram to this effect was sent to Colonel Smith at his lodge in Saskatchewan where he was hunting moose with Senator Welch and Judge Burke.

I'm sorry the national URW is stuck with our debts, but you must admit we did our best.

Fraternally yours,
ED NEWTON,
Past President, Local 462

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"Why We Don't Act So Polite"

by James Higgins

Because members remember driving 100 hours for $22, the Teamsters' Union was tough when it organized and is still that way

Teamsters is short for: The International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor; a big union on wheels, flung everywhere trucks roll, its members are the guys who know their way around the streets of the cities and up and down the hypnotic highways marked by the US shield; moving, between source and consumer, beef, milk, sand, coffins, diapers, lumber, the week's laundry, etcetera, etcetera; containing more than 800,000 members (most under closed-shop contracts), more than 1,000 locals, larger and richer ($17 million socked away) and packing more of a wallop economically and politically than the AFL's front-page Mine Workers or the CIO's awkward giant, the Auto Workers; truly the transmission belt not of a single product but of all products, trades and industries; 800,000 men smack in the middle of unplanned American distribution of what feeds us, clothes us, houses us, comforts us, amuses us . . . and usually a teamster drives the hearse.

THE truck, already loaded, was ready and waiting across the street from the terminal. Inside the building, I stood beside the dispatcher on the

platform edge peering across the way at the huge, hump-backed apparatus in which I was to travel from Newark, New Jersey, to Binghamton, New York, the first long stretch of a trip to Rochester. The tractor (the cab and engine section) was squat, surly and built for power. Behind it the high, silvery trailer looked like a deformity.

"Now it's OK," explained the dispatcher to the driver. "He's got OK credentials—signed by a big shot. Here." And he shoved the letter I had brought with me into the driver's hands, privately whispering to me: "He's gotta be careful. There's company rules against riders. I told him tonight he's gonna have a deadheader; all he wanted to know was you gonna have coffee money." The driver, satisfied, passed the letter back to me.

We walked over and climbed into the cab and Leo switched on the headlights. The beam cut into the darkness like a wedge, grained with slashes of fast-falling rain. Leo made the trip back and forth three times a week. He was on a "bid run." As a union member with seniority, he put in a bid for the trip and, once awarded to him, it became his personal property. This gave his life a certain stability not enjoyed by some over-the-road drivers who may be away from home for weeks at a time. "I don't have the best there is," he said, "but it's better than a good many. I leave Binghamton about nine Sunday night and I'm in Newark early Monday morning. Then me and my buddy, who has the same run, eat breakfast and read the *Daily News*. Then we bunk at a hotel—the company pays the bill, that's in our contract—and we get up around supper time and maybe go to a show. We shove off again around nine, just like tonight. Saturday nights I have a chance to go out with the wife. Sundays I loaf. That's about it."

Leo is one of about 125,000 over-the-road drivers who spent the war years in uniform. Such drivers are the young old-timers, the kids who grew up at the wheel of a chain-drive solid-tire Mack and who are now the master pilots of the industry.

"I been driving since I was 17"

NOT so long ago, however, they were real bottom dogs. "I'm 39," said Leo. "I been driving since I was 17. I saw from an ad that a trucker needed men, so I applied. The boss asked me could I handle a truck and I told him sure. That was all. No more questions. He had her loaded up and somehow or other I got the thing into the road and out of town. Then I drove off into a field and spent two hours teaching myself to be a truckdriver.

"Not so nice in those days," he went on. "Twenty hours at a stretch, up to a hundred hours a week if you wanted to make your $22. The way they had us pushing those machines, the engines were practically dropping out. They'd shave a dime off your pay just to carry a load cheaper than the next chiseler. And we were the ones they were using to kill each other off—only we were also killing

James Higgins has been a shipyard worker, the editor of a union newspaper, and the assistant education director of the CIO Shipbuilders' Union. He is now free-lancing.

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ourselves off. I mean killing. I've seen all the ditched trucks I want to see, some poor worn-out bastard piling up and never knowing what he hit. They had us right by the short hairs." He paused to light a cigarette and to offer me one. "Then they wonder," he said slowly, "when we got the union why sometimes we don't act so polite."

He was speaking of the years when long-distance trucking was a pioneer industry. During World War I trucks grabbed off what freight business the burdened railroads couldn't handle, and between 1920 and 1929 over-the-road enterprise expanded with the savagery of complete frontier freedom. Many drivers bought trucks on the instalment plan and went broke cutting prices. Other drivers managed to get out from behind the wheel and set up in business for themselves. Investors, sniffing a good thing, established new firms. All of them mixed in a merciless warfare in which the only rule was that no matter what happened to the business, the drivers had to lose. "Even come 1929," said Leo, "it still took us a while to catch on."

Meanwhile it was taking the International Brotherhood of Teamsters a little while to catch on. Through the twenties, the Teamsters, like other unions, took a beating from the open-shop campaign of big business. With membership in 1929 at 95,500—a fall-off from 110,800 in 1920—the depression kicked the figure still further downstairs, until in 1932 there were only 82,000 members on the books. Over-the-road drivers, along with pick-up and delivery drivers who handled long-distance freight between warehouse and terminal, were almost totally unorganized.

"It's all in the contract"

But in 1933, with New Deal reform in the air, the International accepted responsibility. It began to encourage organization and it began to agitate for passage of a federal law to regulate the trucking industry. Both ways it was successful. In 1935 the Motor Carrier Act went through Congress and was signed by FDR. And in 1935 Teamster membership jumped to 137,000. In 1937, 210,900. In 1939, 350,000.

> This, the first of two articles on the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, is one of a series of *New Republic* portraits of larger American labor unions. A portrait of the United Steelworkers of America appeared in the issue of March 3, 1947, and one of the United Mine Workers in the issue of April 14, 1947.

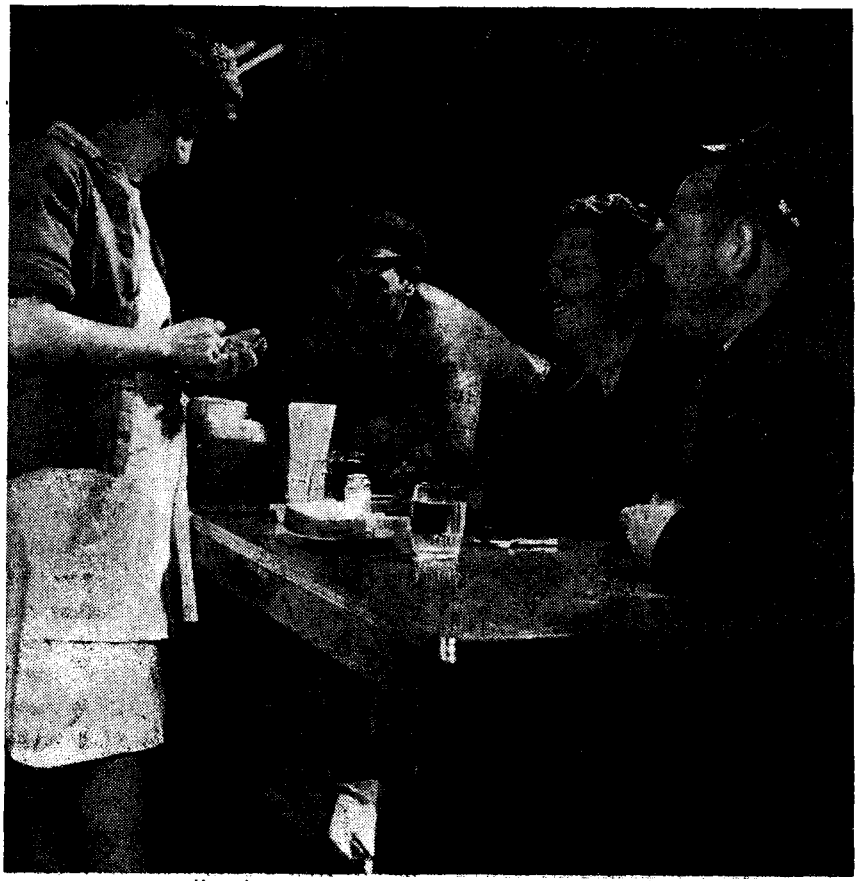
Each increase in membership figures followed a series of sharp explosions —over-the-road drivers getting organized. They were just as rugged as their industry, their demands on employers for "union recognition" just as full-voiced as any demands an employer had rammed down their throats, their strikes as flamboyantly careless of property as bosses had been careless of drivers' lives. They got themselves organized. Now there are about 200,000 over-the-road drivers in the Teamsters, one-fourth the entire membership.

"The union," Leo said, "was th only thing that could clean up th business. Once we found that ou there was no stopping us. Now yo can be a human being when you work not a goddam slave. It's all in th contract."

Truckdrivers' spot

All this was said while we wer riding along Highway 17 i the rain. The windshield wasn't jus speckled; it was streaming wet. Fron time to time Leo would remark tha the road was like glass and I'd glanc over at the speedometer to find hin traveling at no more than 35. He sai even in clear weather he seldom di more than 45. We would pass th glittering pink and emerald neon sign of a road restaurant and Leo woul tell me never to stop there, the foo was lousy and they robbed you any way. "We'll eat at the Ramsey Dine up ahead," he said. "It's a truck driver's spot."

When we turned into the Ramsey there were five or six trucks already lined up outside. We slid back th



"WE'LL EAT AT A TRUCKDRIVERS' SPOT"

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oor and stepped into the diner. veryone at the counter wore in his ip a red and blue button (dues aid up) with the Teamster emblem -two horseheads over a spoked 'heel.

Leo shook his head no when the 'aitress suggested pork chops like he ad the last time. "Uh-uh, that was n experiment," he said. "Made me o logy. Give me two eggs over ried potatoes, maybe a little bacon, uh? And coffee." He slipped a nickel nto the coin box on the counter and n a few seconds some band was play- ig "Managua Nicaragua."

It's figured in the run"

"EO kept the juke-box playing and it was still going later when e paid up and left. Before climbing nto the truck, he adjusted the small ags he kept on the driver's seat. Leo's uts never brothered him, as they othered some drivers. But if he didn't ad the seat, he said, he'd have piles n no time from that cold leatherette r whatever it was.

I asked him what the limit was on is eating time. "No limit," he said. It's figured in the run. We're allowed n average of 20 miles an hour for he trip. This one's roughly 200 miles, o it's scheduled for 10 hours. That's what we get paid for. It adds up to 0 hours a week for me at $1.05 an our—63 bucks." We went rolling long again through the rain. "One nore stop," Leo informed me. "For offee. A hundred miles up the road."

But he was wrong. There were three tops. Once for the coffee in a small hack called the Pine Tree. Once in nswer to the signal of a driver who stood in the road beside his parked truck and asked Leo to tell the next garage that the guy with the feedline trouble still had feedline trouble.

"You see," said Leo, as we continued, "in the old days that driver would sit there without getting paid. Now it's in the contract we get our money if a truck breaks down. Even if we have to wait all day." The third stop was beside a truck whose trailer jutted out to the edge of the road—the tractor was 30 feet off the road, deep in the mud, its nose poised over a bank. Leo cracked out a few of the red-flaming signal flares that all trucks carry and placed them in the road for warning. Then he jockeyed his trailer back to back with the other. They linked the trailers together with a light chain that snapped as soon as the tugging began. "No use," Leo said to the young driver. "You'll need a winch truck to get out of there." The driver agreed. After that it was smooth sailing all the way to Binghamton.

When we pulled in, the rain had let up and the sky was filled with the soda-water gray light of early morning. At the terminal a mechanic detached the trailer. The load was going through to Rochester. The mechanic hooked up the trailer to a tractor that was "cool," while I drank a coke with Leo and said so long. I waited outside the truck until the new driver came rambling over the platform, papers in his hand. "Rochester, for Chrissake," he was saying. "And me wantin' to get home to Syracuse."

New York: the rank and file

The Teamsters' Union, like its parent, the AFL, was founded on the concept of craft; in its officials' opinion the word "craft" lofted the worker to a height of dignity. Because the AFL refused to modernize its craft structure, rebels within the ranks opened up the CIO in 1935 to make room for workers in the great mass-production assembly-line industries—steel, aluminum, rubber, auto manufacture. CIO members belonged not to narrow craft organizations but to broad industrial unions. American industry had been revolutionized. So had American unionism.

But the shops and yards of mass production created more than the CIO. Workers making pneumatic tires, making sheet steel and aluminum, making high-torque fuel-economy engines, were creating the over-the-road truck—and this truck, multiplied into thousands by assembly-line methods, created a new industrial worker—the modern truckdriver. The home the truckdriver inherited was the Teamsters' Union.

CIO unions started fresh. Their massive, militant memberships, still hot from the strike-fires of organization, wrote basic democratic guarantees into union constitutions.

But the new industrial membership of the Teamsters found an iron constitution already forged. It found that local officials ran the local shows. It found a hierarchy of top officials, some

OVER-THE-ROAD DRIVERS, THE MASTE

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Photographs from Standard Oil Co. of N. J.

PILOTS OF WHEEL-BORNE INDUSTRY, MOVE THE PRODUCTS THAT FEED, CLOTHE, HOUSE AND COMFORT US

of whom had been in power for 30 or 35 years. It found its fresh energy cramped by antique union rules, leadership deaf to the rank and file.

Patriotic necessity during the war gave officials the chance to maintain a tight hold. Members obeyed their warnings against strikes. They accepted meager wartime raises, shouldered more wartime work. The cleavages within the union were submerged in patriotism.

But after the war officials could no longer pretend they were riding in a wagon. Steam was boiling up out of the engine, the steam of human protest. It boiled up first and fastest in a modern industrial local: in New York City.

THE men of Local 807—12,000 solid—hit the bricks on September 1, 1946, shutting off truck transportation in the greatest metropolis in the US. On September 10, John Strong, president of the local, said: "The men won't listen to us. We don't know what to do." He was echoed by Mike Cashal, International vice-president assigned to New York: ". . . The worst rank-and-file revolt in Teamsters' history."

Local 807 is no toy. It has unsurpassed power in a city which depends on motor transportation for the goods of life. Local 807's members are mostly drivers who pick up freight brought in by ship, rail or over-the-road truck and deliver to warehouses and retail stores. Members of 807 handle 85 percent of general trucking in and around the city. Members of two other locals, 282 and 816, handle between them 15 percent of general trucking.

By old and curious custom, 807 does not negotiate with its employers directly. The officials of the three locals appoint seven men each to a 21-man committee that meets with a committee from the employers' association. This gives the 12,000 members of 807, who have an 85-percent interest, a 33-percent say in negotiations—and this say is spoken for them by men selected by the union brass. When the committee negotiates, the members know none of the details of their contract till it is signed, sealed and delivered for them to live with.

Local 807 men hadn't fallen in love with certain contract details negotiated during wartime. (The details were largely "supplements" tacked on to the existing contract.) The "goddam supplements"—as the strikers later called them—were presented as necessary contributions to the war effort. But a year after the war was over the men couldn't see why they had to go on with the speed-up (in a high-accident-rate industry), with load increases (they handled up to 60 tons a day, compared with 10 tons before the war), with the "shape-up" (a hiring system notorious for "kickback"

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bribes, for favoritism and for its tradition of giving workers only casual employment). At the same time the members of 807 wanted a fair postwar raise—which had been won by most other large unions—and they wanted the wartime 44-hour work week reduced to 40 hours. The contract negotiated by their officials gave them none of these things. And they struck. The strike hinged on a six-month-old membership resolution.

Revolt in the ranks

SIX months prior to the strike, members had introduced a simple adjustment into the old method of negotiation. They insisted that before a contract was signed, it would have to be approved by the rank and file. It was around this one democratic insistence that the strike whirled in a fashion which bewildered and then enraged the suffering New Yorkers.

Mayor Bill O'Dwyer was bewildered, too. In efforts to settle the strike he talked with Local 807 officials, with officers of the Joint Council (the citywide Teamster organization of all 27 locals) and with International vice-president Cashal. He wired International president Dan Tobin. But nothing happened. The strike stayed solid. Not until September 11 did the people and the Mayor know the facts. On that day the newspaper *PM,* in a long editorial, printed the truth of the membership revolt. It became clear that the members were determined to work under no contract but one they had approved themselves. In six days the strike was settled, to the teamsters' satisfaction. The "goddamn supplements" were out. The work week was cut to 40 hours. The pay was boosted $7.40 per week. It appeared that the rank and file had had the answer to the strike long before it ever started on September 1.

Why, then, did it start? Why did the people of New York have to endure almost three weeks of truck-transportation chaos? What made 12,000 rank-and-file teamsters stubbornly hold out when each was losing about $12 a day, when they had no official support, no strike organization, when they were daily denounced and Red-baited in most of the city press?

(To be continued)

The Nine Orphan Counties

by Patricia Tucker

ONCE there were nine little counties in north Georgia that used to vote the Republican ticket quite frequently. Now that sounds almost incredible, but it is true, and it wasn't very long ago at that. Their names were: Fannin, Union, Towns, Pickens, Haralson, Gilmer, Cherokee, Polk and Whitfield. And a few of the neighboring counties in North Carolina and Tennessee, and even one in Alabama, often did the same thing. In fact, if you had taken a pencil and drawn lines around these counties with the peculiar history, you could just about have formed a Republican state right in the heart of the Solid South. These are mountainous areas, and they have no large-plantation history or slave tradition.

And there were those who considered that here was the nucleus for a good, healthy Republican Party in the South.

But then one fine November day in 1920, the Republicans swept into power. And in accordance with the established spoils system, they began making up their lists of appointments. As it happened, there were three fine patronage positions open in Georgia, and some of the more rambunctious young members of the GOP were all for appointing good Georgia people to these posts, just to encourage such right-thinking in the backward South. They were told that this would not be wise policy.

"Look," said the Elders of the Tribe, sometimes referred to as the Old Guard, "when we pick our slate now for the national primary, all we have to do is telephone to Atlanta and say, 'Send us three National Convention delegates to vote for Taft or Harding,' and we get them. And even as it is, they sometimes get out of hand and send up delegates who are wanting to vote for somebody with disturbing ideas.

"But with the way things are, of course, we don't have to seat those committeemen. If we had a *real* party down there, there's no telling *what* sort of delegates they might send. And if the party there were strong enough to make a lot of noise, we might even have to seat them!"

One might almost imagine that those stalwart Elders of 1920 had the gift of second sight, and were able to foretell such trouble-makers as Willkie and Stassen.

The Old Guard had its way. Josiah Rose from Ohio was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for Georgia, Ed Lodge from New Jersey became Postmaster in Atlanta, and Clint Hager from Tennessee got the post of District Attorney of the Northern District of Georgia.

So, when people tell you of the Solid South, and how it is the handiwork of those ancient and unchanging Bourbons who want to save their beloved Southland from being split into two parties like the rest of the country, you can tell them that there is much in what they say. But you must also remember to give some of the credit to the wise old Stalwarts of the Republican Party, whose sage counsel has reduced the number of Georgia counties that can now be counted on to vote Republican, to ONE. Its name is Fannin County—count it.

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Another Prize-Winner in New Republic Contest for Veterans

A Small Parcel of Fish

by Donald E. MacInnis

THE bus was the typical Chinese truck-bus combination, built on a 1938 Ford chassis and motor, with the passengers seated in front and the pay load in the rear. The fragrant fuel it burned was distilled from the roots of pine trees that grew in the ravines and hill-valleys of this coastal province. The tires were American Goodyear and British Dunlop and Japanese imitations of both, imported before Pearl Harbor into this pocket of Free China.

The driver, who told me his name was Joe Wang, was a stocky Cantonese who had driven on the Burma Road and spoke some broken English and a little Mandarin. He wore coveralls and a greasy cap. He looked like an American mechanic and was tough and competent. Joe bossed the baggage coolies who were loading the truck's back end with sacks of salt.

There were four rows of seats in the passenger section. I took a seat in the rear row and waited for departure time. A Chinese boy and girl of college age were seated in the row in front of me. She wore the long black skirt, black stockings and blue middy blouse of the Chinese girl student. He, too, wore a uniform, the severe black suit required of all students. Their two straw suitcases were neatly stacked on the mailbags that clogged the narrow aisle. Neither of them spoke as they waited.

A red-faced, perspiring American Army chaplain stuck his head in the door, looked around, nodded to me and backed out.

The bus began to fill up. Three Chinese army officers crowded onto the rear bench with me. They spread out a blanket to sit on and unbuttoned their high-collared jackets. They talked a high-pitched rapid Mandarin with an accent I had never heard. One of them unwrapped a hard-boiled egg from some brown paper and ate it. He threw the shells on the floor. It must have been a duck egg, because the shells were greenish and the yolk dark yellow.

Other Chinese filled up the rest of the seats. Two young men, also in the black students' uniform, sat in the front seat next to the door. They sat quietly, not talking. A deeply browned farmer dressed in the peasant's short jacket and wide, knee-length pants of blue coolie cloth sat by the window next to them. His wiry legs were bare from the knees down but he wore new grass sandals. He placed a cloth-wrapped bundle on the floor at his feet but carefully held on his lap a brown-paper package tied with straw twine.

THE red-faced chaplain looked in again. He took off his sun helmet and glared at the two students in the front seat. Then he backed out and called loudly, "Hey, Jim. A couple of them have got our seats."

I looked out the window and saw Jim approaching. He was a large, middle-aged, heavy-set American major. Around his bulging waist he had strapped a broad cartridge belt studded entirely around with polished cartridges. The plexiglas-mounted handle of a .45 pistol flashed on each hip as he strode toward us. In his right hand he carried a tommy gun.

"Who's got our seats?" bellowed Jim.

He pulled his huge bulk into the doorway and towered over the two students still sitting quietly in the front seat.

"Anybody give you these seats?" he demanded of them, brandishing the tommy gun.

The two boys looked at each other anxiously, then went into hurried conference. Finally one of them said slowly and carefully, "Please say again, sir."

The major, his face growing redder with anger, roared at them, "How about giving us our goddam seats? Get up out of those seats and let us sit there. We got here first."

The boys looked at each other again, bewildered. They talked for a moment, and then the one who had spoken first said, "Pardon me, sir." They sat there looking at the floor.

The major threw his tommy gun down on a mail sack. Then he reached over and grabbed the boys clumsily and shoved them out of the seat. They sprawled, unresisting, against the mail sacks. The student with the girl in front of me leaned forward and spoke rapidly to them in the local dialect. His eyes flashed and his face was stern as he sat back and folded his arms. The two boys pulled the mail sacks together and made seats for themselves.

Half an hour later the bus was grinding in low gear

Donald E. MacInnis, winner of a third prize in the New Republic's *Short Story Contest for war veterans, taught English in China as a civilian. After joining the Army in 1942, he was sent back to China as a staff sergeant in the OSS. He is now in the graduate school of International Relations at Stanford University.*

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up out of the valley. The road was narrow, barely wide enough for our bus. At blind turns the driver honked his horn. On alternate switchbacks I could look back on the town we had just left. It looked hot and humid, surrounded by wet paddy fields steaming in the sun.

The odor of dried fish pervaded the close atmosphere inside the bus. I glanced cautiously at the baggage the Chinese officers had shoved under the seat. I noticed the two Americans in front also looking around. The chaplain stood up and struggled to open the window. The driver turned around and said, "Window do not open."

The chaplain said, "What about that fish? Can't you smell that fish? We've got to do something. This place is too hot to keep dead fish around."

Joe Wang shrugged his shoulders and concentrated on his driving.

Meanwhile the major had been poking around the pile of luggage and mail sacks in the center aisle. He had the appearance of a bird dog sniffing out a rabbit in a woodpile. He grunted as he shifted his weight and turned to the chaplain.

"I think it's over here somewhere. It smells stronger over this way." His nostrils dilated and he sniffed loudly.

SUDDENLY he looked at the blue-clad farmer beside him. The farmer had been sitting almost immobile since the start of the trip. His hands were folded in his lap and he looked straight ahead through the windshield. He still held the brown-paper parcel.

"That's it, right there," the major yelled. He looked proud of his find, but indignant, too. "There's the fish right there in that brown-paper package. Tell him to throw it out, Chaplain. You can speak this lingo."

The chaplain looked rather dubious. He got out a little red-paper-bound book. Then he leaned over and said a few words in halting Chinese to the farmer. The farmer had looked around in wide-eyed astonishment at the major's outburst. Now his mouth fell open as the chaplain obviously addressed him. His face remained perfectly blank after the American finished speaking. He turned in mute appeal to the students on the mail sacks.

The two students didn't move. They stared at the floor. Finally the student in front of me spoke up in the choppy dialect of the province. The farmer's face brightened. Then it clouded over. He looked at the small parcel and worried wrinkles appeared on the brown forehead. He spoke to the student in low tones. The student thought a long moment, then cleared his throat.

"He say, sir," he said, addressing the major, "he come from coast. He go to visit old mother at interior. He take precious dry fish to mother."

The major turned around and glared. "He's got no right to contaminate the air in this bus," he said. "This is a public conveyance. He's got no more right to have dead fish in this bus than he has a right to bring a bucket of his sloppy manure on board. Tell him to throw his damn fish out. He's making people sick."

The farmer perched on the edge of his seat anxiously watching the face of the student for some clue to what had been said. The student thought for a moment. Then he spoke again to the major.

"You can not require Chinese throw away fish." He spoke slowly but with firmness.

The major's face flushed deeper. His eyes flashed as he scowled at the student. Then he turned and scowled at the farmer and at the offending package. Suddenly his face cleared.

"Okay, then," he said expansively. "You tell that coolie we'll buy his fish. Ask him how much he paid for those fish. Ask him how much he wants for those fish. Ask him how much he wants for them."

The major groped inside his musette bag and withdrew a thick wad of Chinese bills. He waved these at the farmer as the student spoke to him again.

THE farmer listened carefully. Then he talked loudly and rapidly in reply. He sounded angry and the corners of his mouth drew down tautly as he finished speaking. He looked directly at the major.

The student said, "He says he does not wish to sell fish. He say fish are precious, cannot buy for money at interior. Fish are gift for mother. Fish are not to sell."

Joe Wang stopped the bus. Dust clouds billowed over us from behind, pouring in through the cracks in the floor and around the edges of the windows. Joe climbed down from his seat and went around outside to the farmer's window. He banged on an iron brace with a hammer. The window dropped open with a crash. Joe spoke briefly to the farmer, then walked rapidly around the front end of the bus and climbed back into his seat. He raced the motor and the bus jerked viciously as we moved forward once more.

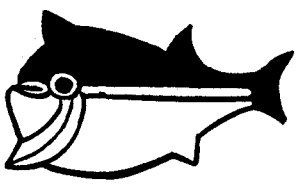
The farmer held his fish outside the window.

We were rolling fast. Joe was saving fuel by coasting out of gear. The bus gained momentum and slammed sliding into the curves. We all held on as best we could, the girl clinging tightly to her companion's arm. He spoke to her in low tones. She looked very pale.

As we reached the bottom of the grade the road leveled off into a long straight stretch. Joe shifted into gear and we rumbled along at a safer speed. I could still smell fish.

The girl bent over suddenly, burying her face in a kerchief. Her companion looked carefully out the opposite window. She made muffled noises and her shoulders heaved spasmodically for a moment. Then she slowly straightened up, holding her head bent forward so that the straight black hair hid her face.

Everyone remained quiet in the bus. But the farmer had turned around and watched. As she straightened up, he threw the parcel of fish into the ditch.



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Books in Review

Love Among the Ruins

REPORT ON THE GERMANS, by W. L. White (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3).

THE BALKANS: FRONTIER OF TWO WORLDS, by William B. King and Frank O'Brien (Alfred A. Knopf; $3.50).

W. L. WHITE, who once pointed out that the Russians looked shabby and bedraggled while fighting off the Nazi war machine, seems heartbroken to find the Germans appearing rather unkempt themselves, now that their military and political plans have come to grief. With rueful countenance and his skillful typewriter going diligently, he laments the sad plight of the great Teutonic people, finds that we virtually drove them into the arms of Hitler by our cruel policy of "unconditional surrender," assures us that they were shocked to find out the truth about the concentration camps and the slaughter of the Jews, frowns questioningly at the Nuremberg trials and shudders at the menace of Moscow, all in the course of a lively survey called *Report on the Germans*. Since he is an able journalist, with a shrewd and disarming way about him, he has produced a book that manages to be both a guileful apologia for the vanquished enemy and a bitter blast at our wartime ally.

There is nothing so crude in *Report on the Germans* as an attempt to deny the horrors of the Hitler regime, or to defend its conduct, its philosophy or its fruits. For one thing, White is too skillful and intelligent for any such absurdity, and, for another, there is nothing of the crypto-Nazi or the isolationist reactionary about him. He is merely an earnest, conscientious, middle-of-the-road American who is so caught up in the current anti-Soviet hysteria, to which he is both a contributor and a victim, that he has convinced himself, as he hopes to convince others, that Russia is and long has been a world menace, and that by comparison Germany has the stuff to make her the hope of Europe. He cannot even be regarded as a defender of Munich, since he concedes that Chamberlain and Daladier made a faulty analysis of the situation at that time. Had Russia and Germany then fought each other, with the Western democracies remaining neutral, he feels that the Germans would have won easily and then might really have become a greater menace "than is the Soviet Union today." No, his political mentor in this respect is neither Chamberlain nor Daladier; it is, somewhat unexpectedly, President Truman.

Indeed, although he quotes a number of young Germans with obvious admiration, White has considerable enthusiasm for a statement Truman made when he was a Senator from Missouri. He reports that the New York *Times* of June 23, 1941, quoted Senator Truman as having said, on the day following Hitler's attack on the USSR, that "if Germany is winning we ought to help Russia, and if we see Russia is winning we ought to help Germany . . . although I wouldn't want to see Hitler victorious under any circumstances." It might seem that the future President's careless but revealing remark, with its hastily appended after-thought, would go a certain way to explain the mutual suspicion and strain in Russian-American relations, but to W. L. White it merely shows that Truman always had a healthy lack of enthusiasm for Stalin, an attitude he wishes might have been passed on to Roosevelt. Unfortunately, he suggests, any passing of ideas was in the other direction, and Roosevelt's tendency to be soft with Russia was handed on to his successor. But the author does not really blame Truman for weakening. "With love and trust of Russia on so firm a foundation of wishful thinking, anyone counseling firmness and caution ran the risk of being denounced as a hysterical warmonger."

One might be tempted to add that Hearst and Henry Luce and the Chicago *Tribune* and ex-Ambassadors Bullitt and Earle didn't allow any such risk to deter them, but it is clear that, in mentioning those "counseling firmness and caution," White was not referring, for example, to Earle's suggestion about dropping an atomic bomb on Russia. He had a highly personal point in mind. For a perusal of *Report on the Germans* makes it touchingly evident that the sensitive author was not made happy by the liberal critics who wrote harshly of his querulous *Report on the Russians*. For instance, you find him, in telling about the anti-Nazi broadcasts he had made after leaving Germany in 1939, adding bitterly that "this was back in those dimly remembered days when a reporter who, emerging from a dictatorship, then 'violated

DENAZIFIED GERMANS

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its hospitality' by pointing out and criticizing its lack of freedom was wildly applauded in the liberal press." At another point, when discussing a debate he had with a Russian officer about democracy, he grows even more personal, by noting with some sarcasm: "He had been leaning forward, listening intently to my every German word, and now he in turn had the chance to go diplomatic, to talk like Molotov or the Dean of Canterbury or Edgar Snow—to say smoothly that, of course, every country had that form of democracy which suited it best. I liked him already, but I liked him still more because he didn't smoothly evade. . . ." It does appear that the liberal criticism stung a little, causing him to feel persecuted for "counseling firmness and caution."

ALTHOUGH White, as I have said, makes no attempt to clear Hitler and his immediate crowd, he certainly gives the German people a remarkably clean bill of health. Even at the outset, that exoneration leads him to some strange conclusions as, for example, when he defends former anti-Nazis who supported Hitler from patriotic motives by comparing them to Republicans who remained loyal to their country in war despite their hatred of Roosevelt. He is convinced that the vast majority of Germans were lovers of peace and liberty who hated Hitlerian tyranny and stood for it only because of fear of communism, a sense of patriotism, a conviction of the justice of various national grievances, misunderstanding of their country on the part of the obtuse Western democracies, or some other understandable reason. They were unaware of the concentration camps and the extent of the persecution of the Jews, but they might well have overthrown Hitler had it not been that our "unconditional-surrender" policy made them support him to the end.

With all due credit to the thousands of Germans who suffered torture, imprisonment and death for their opposition to Nazi rule, it does seem that this exoneration of the mass of the German people from a sizable share in the Nazi guilt is curiously overgenerous on the author's part. Nor does it require any excessive confidence in Allied good will to make one feel that White is also going a bit far when he asks rhetorically whether we will "permit" a free and democratic Germany to arise. There still seems to be some question about whether the Germans really want one.

MOST of the book consists of the author's account of his investigations in postwar Germany, but the final section is devoted to a contrast between the ideas of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson for a postwar world, with the cards very much stacked on the side of the latter. Even Winston Churchill comes off better than FDR, because he had the intelligence to favor an invasion of the Balkans rather than of France, and that might have kept the Russians in their place. White feels that Roosevelt made three major errors. The first was in sticking to unconditional surrender, which probably kept respectable German elements from staging a safe-and-sane, middle-of-the-road revolution. The second was in not insisting on bringing the Russians to terms when they were in greatest need of outside support. The third was in feeling that his personal influence would have a softening effect on Stalin. White is convinced, though, that, before he died, FDR came to realize that his Russian policy had failed. As for the Russians, the only thing the author praises them for is their "toughness" in sneering at our softness and gullibility. For the rest, he sounds as though he much prefers our late enemy to our late ally.

Drawings by Forrest Wilson, Hamburg, 1947
THE NEW GERMANY

SOME of that same tendency to like ex-foes better than ex-friends is reported by two American foreign correspondents named William B. King and Frank O'Brien in *The Balkans: Frontier of Two Worlds.* In speaking of the dispute over Trieste, they note that any government which controlled Yugoslavia at the end of the war would have made the same claims for rectification of the frontier with Italy that Tito advanced, and remind us that, in 1919, Woodrow Wilson unsuccessfully supported the Yugoslav case. Then the authors get frank about it. The Americans have been opposing claims that Wilson advocated and that even a conservative government in Belgrade would have insisted on, not out of any great and noble feeling about popular sovereignty, but because Yugoslavia has a Communist regime, and we don't want Trieste to become a Russian outpost. We would rather defend the claims of our former enemy, Italy, than let our late friends, the Yugoslavs and the Russians, have it. King and O'Brien, by the way, are no friends of Tito or communism, but they are honest reporters and several things are clear in their minds. They have no doubt that Mikhailovitch was guilty of collaboration with the Germans, that Tito rendered great wartime aid to the Allied cause and that the federative principle in the new Yugoslav constitution represents a brilliant democratic solution to the problem of diverse nationalities that has split the country since it was established.

In reading the King-O'Brien book,

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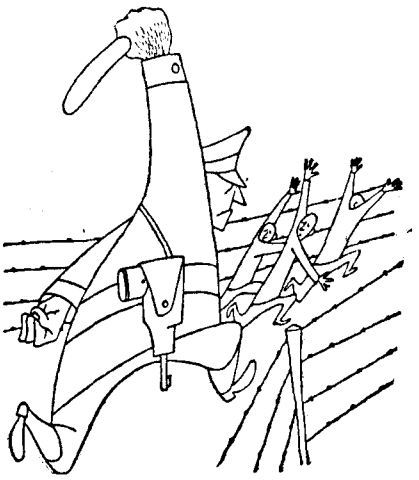
which is reportorially excellent and considerably less impressive when it goes in for political generalizations, I was reminded of a passage in Emmet John Hughes's brilliant *Report from Spain,* which deserves to be memorized. "I contended that the strength of a Communist movement in any country," Hughes wrote, "depended directly upon the state of that country's social health; that such a movement was both a symptom and inevitable product of grave social injustice; and that a government which was constantly making a public confession of its fear of communism also was confessing its own incapacity to establish a decent social order." It goes for the Balkans as well as for Spain. If Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Albania are Communist-dominated, and Greece is threatened by such domination, it is because their slovenly and antiquated social feudalism has long displayed an incapacity to establish a decent order. King and O'Brien, who are extremely unhappy about Russia, are forthright enough to admit the need for a ruthless sweeping out of the corrupt old order, although they hate the accompanying brutality. Like American newspapermen in so many parts of the world, their chief lament is over the inevitable way in which our national policy seems to gravitate toward the backward groups everywhere.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Basic Assumptions

NATIONS AND PEACE, by I. A. Richards (Simon and Schuster; $2).

A ROSE," Gertrude Stein once wrote, with a fine disregard of semantics, "is a rose is a rose." This is exactly the kind of snap conclusion Professor I. A. Richards, one of our foremost semantics exponents, is trying to avoid. "A nation," he explains painstakingly in his new book, "is a society of persons organized for: helping one another, keeping off other nations. It has two purposes: self-help, defense. . . . A nation is an organization for defense. It makes war. A nation with no power of self-defense is not a complete nation. . . . It cannot make war. Nations make war."



Professor Richards states that he had two purposes in writing the book: "The first is our desperate need to think more clearly about what we are doing. The second has to do with language. . . . A common second language—easy for all and clear to everybody—has become an obvious part of the campaign against disaster." The "common second language" is, of course, Basic English, on which Professor Richards has worked for some time and which he has used here to advance his theories.

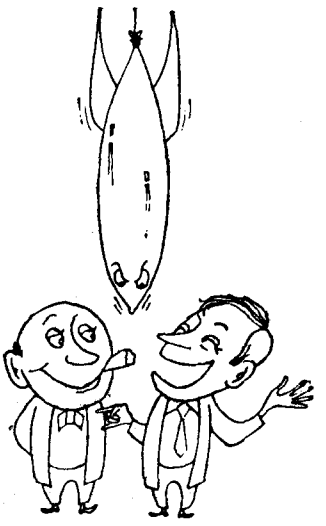
There are two grounds, then, on which the book should be judged: as an analysis of current problems with the suggestion of a possible solution, and as "an example of the use of very simple English in saying important things clearly."

It is hard to disagree with Professor Richards' contention that a World Government (capitalized for greater effect) should be set up to take over the job of defense, to control the atom and to write international law. It is possible that his suggestion of a United Peoples' Assembly in the United Nations, voted for directly by the peoples of the world rather than selected by their governments, is one way to achieve this. It is almost self-evident that there can be no real peace until we change our ideas of nations as "organizations for defense" and learn to sift fact from emotion in our opinions of our own and other countries.

However, Professor Richards' first purpose: to clarify our thinking, is closely related to his second: to demonstrate that the best way to clarify a point is to simplify the language in which it is discussed. His own book proves this a fallacy. Simplicity usually leads to clarity, but simplicity is the simplest way of saying something. Basic English is not. By depriving himself of the ability to choose exactly the right word for the right place, Professor Richards has frequently driven himself into long circumlocutions. He may have saved his book from confusion, but he has made it dull. And dullness has seldom convinced anyone or clarified anything.

The perfect turn of phrase or the unexpected word that pins down a point are noticeably missing. The book plods slowly ahead in a house-that-Jack-built fashion while Professor Richards patiently juggles less than 400 different words—some 365 from the Basic English list and about 25 others which, he says, he uses to give "a little more force at certain very important points in the narrative." To the non-Basic-English-speaking reader they are indistinguishable from their fellows.

Ramon Gordon's basic but bright line drawings which illustrate each page do something to lift the book from the slough of reiteration, but they are not sufficient in themselves. The book is boring. If Professor Richards really wants to drive home certain facts to the American people—as the direct message to them at the end of the book indicates—perhaps he should temporarily abandon his crusade for an 850-word language. To



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Drawings by Ramon Gordon from the book

a Russian or a Chinese learning English by the Basic method, the book might be a boon. To anyone aware of the rich vocabulary the author might have called on, it is merely irritating.

It is hard to say this because Professor Richards obviously made a considerable sacrifice to his language thesis. In his note of explanation he observes: "We discourse on them [current problems] so much in somniferous verbiage that perhaps some simple statements may wake us up to where we are." Any man who rolls off expressions like "somniferous verbiage" is going to have his frustrations when he gets into Basic English.

ANNE L. GOODMAN

Fiction Parade

THREE WAYS TO MECCA, by Edwin Corle (Duell, Sloane and Pearce; $3).

THESE summer weeks are admittedly a slack season in the publishing business. Very little new fiction is worth any notice, and most of that would reward only rather special interests. An example is Edwin Corle's new novel, *Three Ways To Mecca.* This writer has a respectable reputation for several previous books with which I'm not familiar, but the present novel can only do that reputation a disservice, and the best it can hope for is to be happily ignored. But its faults seem to me to represent in a compact and exaggerated form the weakness of much contemporary fiction, which is the excuse for mentioning it.

Exceptions to this vague stricture are the comparatively stable genres of detective and thriller fiction, as well as the more or less "funny" books designed for train travel and insomnia. Excepted also is that fiction which deserves to be judged on its own terms. Recent examples of this, which have been noticed here, are *The Moonlight, It May Never Happen, The Mountain Lion* and *The Confessions of Zeno.* There remains practically all of the fiction which makes the kind of claims for itself that are endorsed by the straight-faced enthusiasm of the publisher's blurb. A column of book reviews is no place for a comprehensive survey, but Corle's novel is an adequate occasion for a few random grumblings which assume that most fiction, in its production and consumption, represents a prodigious waste of adult energy.

These books are written by supposedly competent and energetic people who, from some distortion of vanity or hope of financial gain, have adopted the profession of letters. And that kind of writing which demands the least erudition, taste, discipline or intellectual responsibility is the writing of novels. Specialized and developed capacities are required to contribute a short article to a third-rate encyclopedia, but anybody who has read a novel can write one, and since the majority of the "literate" public reads nothing else, an increasing and alarming number of people are becoming novelists. The simplest view of the matter is that most of these people would be better employed doing anything else, but so would pickpockets, and we can no more dismiss the subject on that conclusion than we can disband the police force.

AMONG the most exasperating pretensions, the two best illustrated by Corle are those to intellectual profundity and to a realistic portrayal of life. The claims of the first are usually made by stray "ideas" floating outside the context of the story, and it's their irrelevance to any design in the novel which betrays them as a little extra-professional cogitation on the part of the author. It may be a formula lifted from psychoanalysis, a historical theory or such a pseudo-philosophical concept as the intermittent theme of *The Left Hand Is the Dreamer.* In any case, the ideas seem to be dragged across the story to disguise the lack of any impulse or direction in the writing. Somewhere about the middle of Corle's book, one of the characters advances the remark that there are "three ways to Mecca—the so-called intellectual, the so-called spiritual, the so-called sensational," as represented by "Voltaire, St. Francis and Oscar Wilde." Apart from the questionable sense of this statement, it has, as a theme, no conceivable reference to the rest of the book. Its only function is to provide the title, itself a sententious hoax.

THE "realism" here pretends to a verisimilitude to the speech and habits of "real life." This pretension relies on the false mechanical assumption, common to the movies, that it's real because you see it, so that detail is convincing in its very over-statement. As a result, the narrative consists of extensive notation of people getting in and out of automobiles, lighting cigarettes, and diluting liquor in a glass of ice cubes. It is difficult to choose an example because the real deadening effect depends on its duration. But a sample at random goes like this:

> "You can get good martinis here," said Oliver. "Do you like martinis?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "Two martinis, Rudolphe," said Oliver. And to Lackland, he added, "Dry?"
>
> "Very dry," said Lackland.
>
> "Very dry," said Oliver to Rudolphe.
>
> "Very dry," said Rudolphe.
>
> There was a short interval of silence while they watched Rudolphe mix the martinis.

The greater part of every page is at that level, and it's a level common to what often passes as serious fiction. It isn't even the narrative of activity, but of jerks and twitches. In its utter lack of selection or emphasis, not to mention art, it resembles a child's close, imitative absorption in the simplest human action, without the naïveté and wonder of the child.

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But while this shadowy spectacle is as engrossing as a light flickering on the ceiling, it isn't as conducive to reverie. In fact, its effect is the very opposite: it blunts the sensitivity and limits the range of perception, stuns the free play of the intelligence and relieves the reader of any embarrassing surplus energy. It successfully vitiates and degrades him because it occupies his attention without rewarding it and spends strength without restoring it. In this effect is the secret of its purpose. Though it neither satisfies curiosity, exercises the imagination nor moves the heart, it kills time, and until a more lethal weapon is invented, fiction will retain its usefulness. JOHN FARRELLY

A Reader's List

Planning No. 261: Active Democracy—A Local Election (Political and Economic Planning, available through the New Republic; *25 cents*). Proceeding on the quite valid assumption that democracy should have long grass roots, PEP tries to find out in this broadsheet how a local government operates in practice. The editors' conclusions are based upon an analysis of local elections in the county boroughs of Bristol and Gloucester; these were regarded as measures of the responsiveness of local authorities to the public and of the sense of responsibility felt by the public for local administration. Employing such indices as the proportion of citizens voting in local contests, party membership, attendance at city-council meetings, letters to the newspapers and contacts with public officials, PEP concludes mournfully that political apathy is still substantial. This is attributed largely to the well known attitude that administration should belong to the politician. Yet active democracy requires institutions with which the average person can really identify himself. Unless this aim can be achieved, it may be converted into a centralized state with familiar, distasteful overtones.

Planning No. 262: The Moscow Conference: European Economic Background (Political and Economic Planning, available through the New Republic; *25 cents*). In able PEP fashion, this broadsheet summarizes all the pertinent data on European population, food supply, transportation, power, trade and finance. Intended to serve as a guide for the recent Moscow Conference, it emphasizes the fact that part of war's cost is a permanent alteration in living standards. Poverty, say the editors, has extended its grip; and the creeping paralysis in transportation, the failure in coal output, the lack of capital and the depletion of livestock all make European reconstruction a difficult problem. PEP suggests that deficiencies can be made good only through American coöperation. This implies either long-term lending or a new willingness to accept foreign goods. The ultimate question, however, is whether parochial politics can be maintained in the face of obvious economic interdependence today. Europe is only a geographic expression and failure of the great powers to agree will unhappily keep it so.

IG Farben, by Richard Sasuly (Boni and Gaer; $3). Ostensibly a history of the most famous of German cartels, this book is really a bitter denunciation of Anglo-American policy in Hitler's old domain. Although the record of IG Farben's active role in Nazidom is clear, neither the Americans nor the British have apparently made any attempt to eliminate this economic monster. Sasuly is not reciting a bogey tale. He was head of Intelligence for the American section of the Allied Control Council in Germany and was one of a small group who sought to uncover all the ramifications of the IG empire. He shows how public complacency and business connivance in this country after World War I permitted IG to regain its world position in industrial chemistry and he warns that our present policy duplicates that unfortunate experience. He implies that the American attitude, as well as that of the British, is motivated by a desire to build bulwarks against so-called Eastern aggression. In view of Allied failure to "denazify" Germany, Russia's search for political protection seems understandable. And the resultant split among the great powers, says Sasuly, suggests that IG—and a reactionary Reich—will continue to live. It is not pleasant to contemplate what this may mean in years to come.

Taxation for Prosperity, by Randolph E. Paul (Bobbs, Merrill; $4). Long experience with government agencies has taught Randolph Paul that, to work well, a tax system cannot be a hand-to-mouth affair. The marked effect of taxes on employment and income, he shows, makes it imperative for us to seek a philosophy of taxation geared to the kind of world we ultimately want. Yet there are too many persons (and too often in high places) who assert that the objectives of taxation ought to be restricted solely to fund raising; social policy, they argue, should be no part of a fiscal program. Paul's exposure of the weakness of this position is a delight to read. What the advocates of the "revenue" viewpoint really desire, he shows, is a society in which they will not be too much concerned with paying government costs. They insist that if their program, including such things as sales taxes, were instituted, then enterprise would prosper. But, as Paul shows, it would hardly be the sort of prosperity from which we should all benefit. In fact, says the author, it is just that kind of program which, with no concern for social impact, seeks to place the burden on shoulders too weak to carry it. Paul's book should be read by every citizen, including congressmen.

Murder Miscellany.—Hilda Lewis' psychological murder novel, *Strange Story* (Random House, $2.50), about twin sisters—one the slayer and one the slain—is a quietly absorbing study of character in a middle-class English community. *Date with Darkness,* by Donald Hamilton (Rinehart, $2.50), on the other hand, is a violent account of how Lieutenant Philip Branch, USNR, gets involved with a rough, tough bunch of foreign agents and barely escapes with his life. Fast, furious and frequently funny.

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Farm

Return of the Joads

HISTORY is beginning to repeat itself in Kern County, California, and elsewhere throughout the nation. The Joads, symbol of the misery of the unemployed migrant worker, are back.

Recently more than 300 families, numbering approximately 1,500 persons, were ordered out of the county by Dr. William Buss, County Health Officer. Diphtheria was breaking out and there were many cases of dysentery. Dr. Buss saw his duty and had them evicted because they threatened the health of the community.

In California, in Florida and in other areas there has been an oversupply of labor and a decrease in facilities available for migrants. Last year the government operated mobile camps which followed the harvest, but this year—because Congress cut off most of the money—there are no such facilities. Many labor camps throughout the country, all of which are crowded, have closed or will close soon for lack of funds.

Identical bills introduced by Representative C. R. Hope (R, Kans.) and Senator Arthur Capper (R, Kans.), if enacted into law, will take us back ten years. These bills (H.R. 3367 and S. 1334) turn the migratory labor problems over to State Agricultural Extension Services and not only will prevent the government from assisting the migrant but will take away every protection and service he has gained through the years. One of their worst features is the provision for the sale of all labor camps and facilities to farmers and associations of farmers by December 31, 1947.

Labor camps have provided housing and other facilities for many thousands of migratory workers. They were started in 1935 by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. Then, in 1936, the Resettlement Administration built about 40 camps and a mobile unit.

The sale of these camps to associations of farmers will result in a set-up like that of the company town in the coal fields. No one who is not smiled on by the farm corporation will be admitted. The associations (such as the reactionary Associated Farmers of California) will want satisfied workers. They won't want people in their camps who will demand, for example, 40 cents an hour instead of the customary 30 cents.

In the Hope and Capper bills collective-bargaining rights and the chance to obtain decent working conditions are in effect taken away. It is specifically provided that no money may be spent "directly or indirectly to fix, regulate, impose or enforce collective-bargaining requirements, wage rates, housing standards, hours of work or union membership with respect to agricultural workers." More often than not, workers must be recruited a thousand miles away from their future employment. Since the Extension official who brings the worker and grower together can't even mention wages or housing or working conditions, the migrant will be left to the tender mercies of the labor contractor.

A RECENT incident illustrates the effect of such a system and shows the migrant's need of protection. Twenty-nine Puerto Rican laborers were brought by bus from New York to do farm labor, with the promise of steady work at 60 cents an hour; good meals were to cost them $1.30 a day. Eighteen of the workers were dropped off in the Borego Valley desert. On arrival they were told they would get only 30 cents an hour and must still pay $1.30 out of their daily $2.40 for board.

John Groth, The World Publishing Co.

The importance of migrant-worker services cannot be understood unless one is familiar with the life of the migrant and his culture. Migrants usually are homeless, and depend on a wage which is so low that they can exist only at a very primitive level. A survey in 1941 of Hidalgo County, Texas, showed that even with seven-year-old children working in the fields, the families' income averaged only $350 a year. The migrants in this area lived in shacks with dirt floors which became a sea of mud after a rainstorm.

REPRESENTATIVE Helen Gahagan Douglas (D, Calif.) has introduced a bill which, in contrast to the Hope and Capper bills, provides for prevailing minimum wages for migrants, for transportation and for an expansion of the labor-camp program and other services. Under this bill the migrant problem is recognized as a matter of public concern. Unfortunately its chances of passage are poor. Senator Pepper (D, Fla.) recently introduced a bill which provides that labor camps be turned over to public institutions or non-profit groups. This bill would checkmate the worst provision of the Capper and Hope bills, as well as the law enacted by Congress last year providing for the liquidation of the labor camps by December 31 of this year. There is some chance that the Pepper bill will pass, though the belief in Washington is that this is strictly a Farm Bureau Congress.

If the Hope and Capper bills go through, the camps and most of the services will fall to pieces, the conditions of the migrants, improved immeasurably by the Farm Security program, will worsen, and we shall have a great rural slum almost too horrible to contemplate. It was reported that when a farm leader read the provisions of the Hope bill, he shook his head and said: "You know, I'm glad to see this provision about burial expenses."

ANGUS MCDONALD

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United Nations News

Money Matters

THE United Nations has been reviewing its position in the economic reconstruction and rehabilitation of Europe—in case the Marshall aid program goes through. Economists and political advisers at Lake Success are wary about stating their conclusions. They point out that there is still no guarantee of congressional approval of Marshall's plan, even if Russia is firmly isolated from the program. But, assuming that Congress will approve something, they admit it will necessitate a drastic change in UN programs. They are certain that any aid will be administered outside the United Nations rather than through the existing Economic Commission for Europe.

UN officials are admitting, for the first time, that the Marshall aid program has serious political implications. "The fact that some organization outside the UN is taking a front place is a major blow to the Economic Commission for Europe," one economist conceded. Many would go farther, pointing out that, since the program implies a division of Europe, every United Nations organ will suffer.

Of course, if the Marshall program goes through, the ECE will still have work to do, although its scope will certainly be limited. For instance, at its current session in Geneva, it intends to take over the allocation of coal supplies, the rehabilitation of transport, repair of power lines and other problems formerly within the realm of the Emergency Economic Committee for Europe, the European Central Transportation Organization and the European Coal Organization.

IN addition, the ECE is planning a report on Europe's economic needs and resources for presentation to the Paris conference. The survey will ignore the possibilities of American aid for two reasons: First, the ECE cannot take part in the Marshall aid discussions. (Both Hector McNeil of the UK and André Philip of France denounced Russia's position on the Marshall aid program but admitted that the ECE should not attempt to do more than "keep in touch" with developments of the Paris conference.) Second, most economists recognize that the reconstruction of Europe depends largely on European resources and Europe's population. They feel that American aid is marginal and that its importance is a matter of timing. Congress cannot and will not give Europe enough money to bridge the difference between a low and a high standard of living. Congress can supply immediate food needs, coal and enough money to take care of emergency problems. But Europe must look out for itself in the long run. With US money it may be ten years getting back on its feet and there may be a political schism. Without US money it may take twenty years, and politically—who knows?

Meanwhile, bilateral exchanges are already in operation. National planning cannot split into two economic blocs because it can't afford that kind of luxury. The Marshall plan can be far more dangerous to the UN than to Europe. It may make the UN a paper organization rather than an international center for the solution of economic, social and political problems.

A TENEMENT building on First Avenue, near Forty-second Street, is on its way to extinction. Mayor O'Dwyer, Manhattan Borough President Hugo Rogers and the UN's Byron Price saw to that last week when they lifted sledge-hammers and picks to poke out a few bricks (previously loosened by workmen) on the new UN site.

The cameramen moved in on the prestige workers in shifts. "Come on, Mr. Mayor," they shouted, "put some heart into it; this is for posterity."

"Okay, okay," the Mayor answered wearily, "but honest, boys, we can't demolish the whole building in a day."

For a week before the ceremony, the Sameth Exterminating Company had been killing the rats and roaches that infested the packing houses in the area. N. L. Fremed, vice-president of the company, says the work isn't completed yet. For one thing, some of the packing-house companies haven't vacated, and for another, it takes a special brand of poison to kill rats which have lived on an all-meat diet.

Between now and the time of the General Assembly meeting in September, the UN's Headquarters Advisory Committee expects to use up most of its advance money—a little less than $2 million—getting the extermination, demolition and excavation problems out of the way. The Assembly will have to decide how to finance the construction.

WALLACE HARRISON'S architects are now "shrinking" the buildings—combining rooms, narrowing corridors, eliminating luxuries—in an effort to cut costs. Estimates run from $60 million to $85 million for revised construction costs. Various financing schemes have been suggested, and Glenn Bennett, the committee's executive officer, is considering all of them.

There may be an advance from the United States, reimbursed later by proportional contributions from UN members. Most delegates would prefer outright contribution, but they're suffering from an acute shortage of dollars. The UN thinks it could get money from Canada, New Zealand and a few South American countries, but it isn't so sure about the rest. The International Monetary Fund might be persuaded to grant loans to its members for that specific purpose, but this would leave the Fund in a weakened condition. The most plausible plan is this: private enterprise in the US—insurance companies or banks—would grant loans, accepting the site itself and the proposed buildings as collateral; the US would advance the remainder; UN members would contribute, in proportion to their contributions to the UN general budget, and pay whenever they're able.

JANE BEDELL

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Labor

Merger Politics

BY THE time this issue of the *New Republic* is printed, results should be available from the United Automobile Workers' referendum on a proposed merger of the Farm Equipment Workers, another CIO affiliate, with the UAW's agricultural-machinery workers. Regardless of the result, the referendum is instructive in its revelation of the intensity of conflict between the UAW's president Walter Reuther and vice-presidents R. J. Thomas, Richard Leonard and secretary-treasurer George Addes.

The merits of a merger between the UAW and the FE are undeniable; the two unions function in the same field in organizing agricultural-equipment workers and they have had bitter jurisdictional warfare. In addition, they have a mutual competitor in the independent, but pro-AFL, International Association of Machinists.

When the CIO intervened two years ago to check UAW-FE bickering, a merger of the two organizations was strongly recommended. Reuther as well as other UAW officers accepted this recommendation in principle and for more than a year a three-man UAW committee has conferred with FE officials about details.

But during the past month Reuther has openly opposed within the UAW the specific "unity" plan advocated by FE leaders and the UAW's own committee. He has asked defeat of the proposal in the referendum, recommending that the whole issue of merger be left open for consideration by the UAW convention in November. Reuther's opponents see in this a lack of sincerity; they think he fears that union of the FE's 45,000 reputedly "left-wing" members with the UAW would upset the political status quo and endanger his own bid for reëlection as president.

Reuther's supporters tell a story which sharply varies from this version. From their viewpoint, the UAW merger committee accepted an FE "unity" plan which violates the UAW constitution, is organizationally unsound and presents serious dangers to the UAW under the Taft-Hartley Act. UAW politics is high-powered and tough; it is typical that, before Local 200 voted on the merger proposal, Reuther and Thomas personally appeared to debate the merits of the plan before the rank and file. The local, largest UAW unit in Canada and traditionally pro-Addes, voted to support Reuther and reject the merger plan.

THE merger would provide for the establishment of a separate division for agricultural-machinery workers within the UAW, blanketing both the UAW's present 30,000 members in farm-equipment factories and the FE's 45,000 members. Supporters of the plan deny that the proposed new division would be "autonomous"; Reuther argues that, in defiance of UAW policy, the division would select its own director, who would have control of his subordinate personnel. At present all UAW division directors are appointed by the president with approval of the IEB.

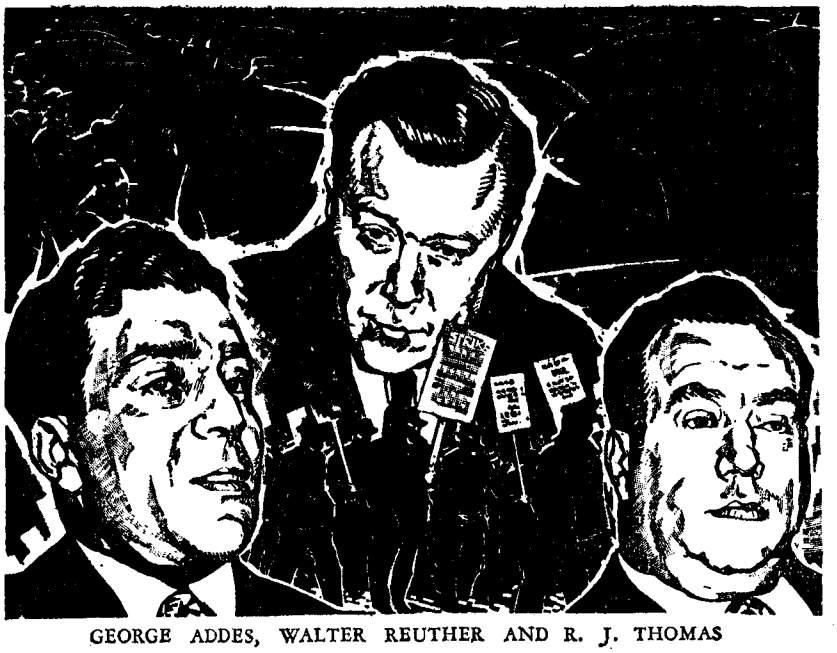
The farm-equipment director, furthermore, would be given an ex-officio seat on the IEB. Here again, Reuther argues, established UAW practice would be violated; at present all IEB members are chosen to represent geographical regions.

Whether or not the proposed agricultural-equipment division would correctly be termed "autonomous," Reuther's supporters assert, its status as at least a quasi-independent division would play into the hands of those union members who desire, under the Taft-Hartley Act, to split up established industrial unions.

The UAW committee which approved the FE merger proposal was headed by Joseph Mattson of Chicago, director of the present UAW agricultural-implement division, George Burt of Canada and Arnold Atwood of Indiana.

A CURIOUS fact about the UAW and its politics is that Reuther, despite his open anti-communism, appears never to have had even left-handed support from Detroit automobile manufacturers. They seem to be more afraid of his independence than they are of the "menace" of the Reds. Reuther's union supporters think he has so established himself that, even if the FE merger proposal should win, he would be reëlected next November.

WILLARD SHELTON



GEORGE ADDES, WALTER REUTHER AND R. J. THOMAS

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Radio

Sunny Side Up

PERHAPS it would have been better to let "The Sunny Side of the Atom" alone. I missed the show on the air, but a number of factors, not the least of which are an interest in radio *per se* and a desire to check on contradictory reports regarding this CBS broadcast from other professional sources, led me to sit for a whole hour on a hot, humid afternoon listening to the playback machine. The result is what you are going to get here. I am all set to review a disc jockey named Paul Whiteman, a comedian I mentioned before, Robert Q. Lewis, and two "documentaries." So if you find atomic energy museling in, it's not the humidity. It's "The Sunny Side of the Atom" and the actress who starred in it, Agnes Moorehead.

THERE must be something about disc jockeying that leads to phony attitudes. Perhaps it's the ease with which the jock can lean back in his chair while the platter does his work. Whiteman is an urbane, sensible man, but when he talks about Spike Jones and His City Slickers only as a device to bring in the word "experience" as the cue to a Camels commercial, he is doing himself a disservice. He is being overcute when he refers to himself on the show as "Mr. P. W." and turns his 250-pound charm on "you girls," whom he supposes to be his major listeners. There is little that Pops has to learn about music, but he could improve his turntable manners.

However, Whiteman's transition from Spike Jones to Camels via the word "experience" led me back to Agnes Moorehead in that CBS atomic show. As narrator, Miss Moorehead played the role of the CBS documentary unit reporter (Ruth Ashton in real life) who spent more than a month probing the work of scientists, engineers and technicians at the atomic-research centers, from Oak Ridge and Manhattan to California and stops in between. There were other fine actors in the cast and the whole thing was held together expertly by the man who wrote the script and directed the production, Carl Beier. But it was Miss Moorehead who carried the burden for credibility, who projected a sense of intelligent inquiry without naïveté. The actress did her job with an ease that requires two things: careful rehearsal and vast experience.

I'M not going to try to give you the feeling of Bob Lewis' new nightly show on CBS. You can hear him six times a week now, Monday through Friday, 7-7:30 p.m., and Saturdays from 8:30 to 8:55 p.m. On the Saturday show he has a "talking audience" which is sometimes very funny. On his new Monday-Friday stint he has everything, including guest artists. He brings guests to his Saturday night show, too. These have big names. For instance, one of them was a Mr. Benny Goodman. This Goodman lives in Brooklyn and runs a bottling concession instead of playing the clarinet. Then there was a Miss Bette Davis who runs a telephone-answering service in New York City. If only CBS didn't push Lewis so hard, or he wasn't quite so ambitious to achieve fame in 13 summer weeks, we might look forward to the eventual retirement of Fred Allen with equanimity.

EIGHT weeks is the amount of time Hector Chevigny has for his Monday (8-8:30 p.m.) "Plays by Ear" series on NBC. His third show, called "Uncommon Stock," was much the best so far. When, at the end of his show, Chevigny expressed the hope that he had not set the documentary back more than 20 years, I nodded agreement. He hadn't. It was a CBS show a half-hour later, "CBS Is There" (Mondays, 9-9:30 p.m.), that might have done so. But the expert

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handling of the triple-threat man who wrote, produced and directed this piece saved it. This young man is named Robert Lewis Shayon. Doing a radio job entire, from script to casting and planning to the directing on the air, is a challenge. Shayon took it.

"CBS Is There" relives great historical events as if the network's announcers had been there when history was being unfolded. On the opener, the show brought us the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The chief actors were experienced announcers and newscasters, John Daly, Harry Marble and Ken Roberts. Writer Shayon had a number of awkward bits of repetition and clumsy phrasing in his script. But Producer Shayon had cast his principals well. And Director Shayon blended the voices, sound and music, built his crowd scenes so expertly, and showed so much sensitiveness in the handling of the performance, that it came off—almost miraculously.

BUT the miracle of a good radio show—like the miracle of any art—is one of careful planning, intelligence and skill. That's what went into "The Sunny Side of the Atom." The show's objective was summarized in a quotation from Professor Albert Einstein, who had told the CBS reporter: "Only talk between men promotes feeling in the heart." This show was talk—a lot of talk about how men and women are trying to make hopeful sense instead of death out of the atom. Results of a recent nationwide survey, published by the (hold your breath) Committee on Social Aspects of Atomic Energy of the Social Science Research Council, also mentioned talk. The results showed that "the great majority of people have heard something about the atomic bomb over the radio; an equal number have read something about it in the newspapers." That "something" is obviously not enough. But with CBS pacing the way through a documentary like "Sunny Side," maybe the indefinite "something" could grow into something more concrete, more like the kind of understanding Dr. Einstein seeks. Radio does have its sunny side.

SAUL CARSON

Movies

The Recession Is Here

CHOSEN for comment here this week, out of a mingled sense of duty and desperation, are "Moss Rose," "Ramrod" and "Repeat Performance." Of the three, "Moss Rose" is the best bet—a sad, inadequate, unimaginative bet. There was a type of novelist ravenously read by adolescents and upstairs maids here and in England around 1900. The names of these writing ladies usually began with Mrs., followed by three initials and a hyphenated last name. Their sales for their day were amazing, and though they would read very quaintly now, their ideals and characters and concepts of suspense and romance lived on in Hollywood. A bit back, there was a good example of the craft, a faithful imitation of life as they saw it, in a picture called "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami," not written by one of them but reproducing their style. Now, to prove that Hollywood is still interested in High Life, as contrasted with the pitiable social problems of the low-caste cockney chorus girl, "Moss Rose" is put on exhibition. It is a busy Niven Busch adaptation of a novel by Joseph Shearing (who is really Margaret Gabrielle Long, and who under a half-dozen pseudonyms has turned out something approaching 100 books). I gather, but not from the film, that it was a pretty good book.

I don't know who Twentieth Century-Fox think they're fooling with their spurious English and cockney accents or with their capes and hansoms, and simple murders and fogs, and people making damning statements and being seen once under an arc lamp. The cast numbers 32, and the technical credit list 22, not including the original author. Ethel Barrymore is convincing at times in a part she couldn't have thought much of. The heroine, a cockney girl willing to let a murderer go free for the doubtful privilege of spending a weekend at a big country house just like a real lady, is played by Peggy Cummins, and the English gentleman heavily suspected throughout—all quiet philosophy and belted tweeds—is, rather surprisingly, Victor Mature. If you see this movie, you will find a pastoral picnic at the very edge of a fowl-filled lake; a Great House; Scotland Yard, represented by Vincent Price speaking in terribly low, discreet, correct tones; the streets of what I'm sure the producers think of as London Town; and a surprisingly sudden, hideous "Silver Cord" motif. If you believe any of it, I envy you.

THEN there is "Ramrod," a Western in which there is that scenery again and one good night-chase sequence. The leads are Joel McCrea, whose pleasure it is in this film to behave like a sleep-walker, and Veronica Lake. I was crazy about her in "I Married a Witch" and in "The Glass Key." In "Ramrod" there is something terribly wrong with Miss Lake's "s" sounds or with the sound department, for she whistles through most sentences alarmingly. With a radio mike, you get away from offensive sibilants by talking across it, but the movies don't seem to have solved the problem.

"REPEAT PERFORMANCE" has in it Louis Hayward, Joan Leslie, Richard Basehart, Virginia Field, Tom Conway, Natalie Schafer, Benay

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Venuta and Ilka Gruning. They all mean something to me, but I can't recommend the picture. Basehart, who steals the show, reminds one of Burgess Meredith and is potentially a good actor. He has given an excellent account of himself on the stage, and is just starting what looks like a big Hollywood career. Louis Hayward and I are still waiting for a good part for him, but there's a limit to our patience. Since Hayward knows much more about acting than most people realize, and since he is now obviously bogged down, he may be suffering from all-over weariness. He ought to watch himself, for letting that sort of thing show through, no matter how bad the part, just isn't done and Hayward knows it. The director of "Repeat Performance," Alfred Werker, hasn't advanced much artistically since he was a good business manager.

THE new release in the "This Is America" series made by Frederic Ullman Jr. for RKO-Pathé is "Passport to Nowhere." In simple terms, intelligently, it attempts to explain one of the world's greatest problems and one of America's direct responsibilities—the 850,000 displaced persons wandering over Europe. The sequences were made in Germany recently by Harry W. Smith; the commentary is straightforward, lucid. It talks down to no one, but makes the mistake of being at times sarcastic and bitter. It is an understandable mistake, for the situation is bitter and ironic, but it is not common sense to make the onlooker feel depressed and ashamed and then give him too little direction about what to do in this gigantic dilemma.

PATHÉ is currently showing a short on the work of Alcoholics Anonymous. It's a good idea, but the film limits itself to telling only what is generally known about this organization. Since they can't have rounded up all the people in the country who are, as they say, "allergic" to alcohol, I think it's a mistake for them to be quite so noble and so vague.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

Music

Jacob's Pillow

MORE than a decade ago Ted Shawn took over a 200-acre farm in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts as summer headquarters for the company of male dancers with whom he was then touring the country every season. Here the troupe lived under reasonably Spartan conditions, doing all the chores in communal fashion and presenting weekly afternoon performances in the old barn for the vacationists who drove over from their summer homes. Borrowing from Jacob's Ladder, the nearby highway known officially as US 20, Shawn named his colony Jacob's Pillow, thus aligning it with the neighboring hamburger stand known as Jacob's Dream.

The public performances at Jacob's Pillow flourished. Whether or not you admired the allegories of religion, patriotism and the sweat of honest toil which provided the subjects for most of Shawn's choreography, there was no denying the expertness of the group. The rolling, wooded grounds offered a restful place to idle away an afternoon, and as my Aunt Kate always said, it was hard to decide which was pleasanter, the dancing or the polite manners with which the boys served tea on the lawn.

With tea a constant factor, Jacob's Pillow rapidly became more ambitious and less primitive. In 1942 the Army took away most of Shawn's company. He rose to the crisis by founding a "university of the dance," to which girls as well as the few remaining boys could come to study a wider range of dancing than had been taught there before. The public program grew into the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, and many famous dancers of all types, from Alexandra Danilova to Martha Graham, made guest appearances. Joseph Franz, the architect of the Music Shed at the Berkshire Festival in Tanglewood, designed a handsome yet rustic enclosed dance theatre with a full-sized stage. The enterprise survived the war years and emerged into

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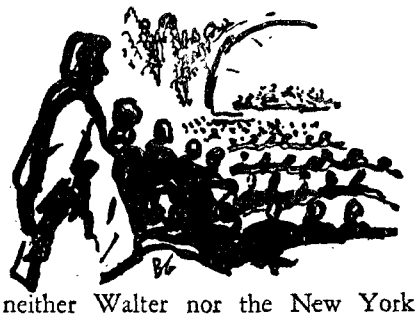
prosperity last season with a healthy enrolment of dancers of both sexes in the "university" and a schedule of performances that reached its climax in a visit from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

This summer Jacob's Pillow has changed. Ted Shawn has gone to Australia under circumstances mystifying to anyone who knew how completely his hopes and dreams were centered upon Jacob's Pillow. Shawn never owned the Pillow, but directed it through appointment by a board of trustees. This year the trustees turned over the direction of both school and festival to Arthur Mahoney and his wife Thalia Mara, New York dancers and teachers. The free tea has been replaced by nickel pop, which you can buy for 15 cents a bottle.

It is too early to tell whether the businesslike air Mahoney and Miss Mara bring to Jacob's Pillow will be an improvement over Shawn's posturing spirituality. At least a capable permanent company of dancers is already in good trim; but the novelty of the opening program, a jazz ballet entitled "Crosstown" (choreographed by Mahoney to music by Tom Scott) proved to be nothing more than a set of musical-comedy bromides depicting the way floozies, sharpies and pure-hearted boxers are alleged to behave every night on the street corners of New York. The tone of the occasion was improved by the presence of Scott, who sang some of his folk ballads with quiet enchantment, and by Valerie Bettis, a modern dancer who moves excitingly but never gets her ideas into coherent form.

IF YOU expect to encounter oracular insight in Bruno Walter's recording of the Schubert C-major symphony (Columbia M-679, six 12-inch records, $7), you will be disappointed. The engineering is bad, so that many important things are either inaudible or unclear. Walter moves the music along at a good pace for the most part, but too often he merely beats time when an expressive bit ought to sound out, while at other times he tends toward the opposite extreme of oversentimentalized phrasing. The recording shows



neither Walter nor the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in the best light.

An unorthodox new album (Disc, $4.04) presents piano compositions by two decidedly original composers, Alan Hovhaness and John Cage. Hovhaness is an American of Armenian descent. With the help of Maro Ajemian at a second piano, he seeks to reproduce the sound of such ancient Armenian folk instruments as the kanoon, the oud and the saz, and I am certainly not the one to pass upon the authenticity of the result. John Cage, a native of California, has devised the "prepared piano," turning the instrument into quite a startling percussion ensemble by inserting screws, bolts and pieces of rubber under the strings.

The new Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra, playing crisply under the direction of Jacques Rachmilovich, offers nothing better in its first release (Asch 800, three 12-inch records, $5.62) than "Masquerade," a thin and boring dance suite by Aram Khatchaturian, with Dimitri Kabalevsky's hardly more fascinating "Fête Populaire" on the odd side. . . . Walter Piston's "Prelude and Allegro" for organ and orchestra, admirably played by E. Power Biggs, Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor 11-9262, one 12-inch record, $1), thrusts attractive, up-to-date materials into a Handelian interplay between solo instrument and orchestra. . . . Leonard Warren of the Metropolitan shows in the two chief baritone arias from Verdi's "Rigoletto" (Victor 11-9413, one 12-inch record, $1) that he is now a big-leaguer. . . . Jarmila Novotna knows just the right super-operetta vein in which to sing two arias from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" (Victor 11-9263, one 12-inch record, $1).

CECIL SMITH

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Hollywood

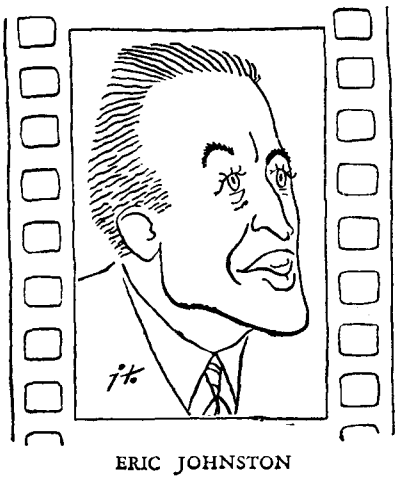
Movie Man's Burden

TODAY'S multi-million-dollar question in Hollywood: Shall we continue to make movies for entertainment and escapism, or for indoctrination on a global scale? This question was crystallized sharply in a number of private conferences held recently in major studios by Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America.

Time was—and it seems only yesterday—when the answer would have been the almost automatic response that the cinema art exists for art's sake, for the mass production of entertaining celluloid dreams. Johnston himself was the pleasant but firm spokesman for this policy. He uttered many warnings against ideological content in films. He said pictures without propaganda messages would pay off better in both domestic and foreign markets.

Then times changed, and rather suddenly. In a report to his Association, Johnston says: "The American motion picture will carry the ideas of Canton, Ohio, to Canton, China; the point of view of Paris, Maine, to Paris, France."

THIS new doctrine of film content was explained by Johnston in a series of closed-door conferences with motion-picture producers, writers and directors. On the Paramount lot he told his listeners he had established a close liaison among President Truman, Secretary of State Marshall and himself. He said he was in and out of the State Department practically every day he was in Washington. He told the film makers that the United States is now in the first days of a new era in its history, and he assured them that the White House and State Department were aware of the importance of the movies in carrying to the world the American message of political democracy and economic free enterprise.



ERIC JOHNSTON

He outlined briefly the thesis that the towering fact of our times is the rise of the Soviet Union as a revolutionary power after the First World War and the development of the United States as the most powerful nation in the world after the Second World War. He said this new position of global power entailed global responsibility, as envisaged in President Truman's new foreign policy of halting Soviet expansion, and that the motion-picture industry would be expected to play its part.

At the RKO studio he said the United Nations had at one time seemed a good idea, and that high hopes had been held for it. He then expressed the opinion that the President's speech on the loans to Greece and Turkey marked the beginning of a new chapter in history. The rich, powerful United States would bring the benefits and ideals of its way of life to less fortunate nations and challenge Soviet encroachment. He explained that the motion-picture industry should implement this new policy by portraying constructively the American way of life.

In the Warner Brothers studio commissary, after lunch, Johnston said we should avoid stirring envy and discontent in less fortunate peoples by film sequences showing sybaritic eating and drinking scenes as a part of our American way of life. He said he was especially disturbed by the prevalence of drinking scenes in our films, and that such scenes are objectionable to what he described as "rural Protestant

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America." He remarked that he came to Hollywood as a messenger from the American people.

In Hollywood's policy-making councils Eric Johnston's remarks were received with excitement but not with unmixed acclaim. At the Warner Brothers meeting, Harry Warner snorted audibly over the Johnston statement that he appeared as a messenger from the American people. Pounding the luncheon table with a heavy fist, Warner said: "We aren't paying you $150,000 a year for being a messenger boy. We can hire messenger boys for $100 a week, maybe less." Warner then inquired why the Johnston Office Production Code seal had been given to such a picture as "Duel in the Sun" and others like it, if it is so important for films to give a nice impression of the American way of life. Johnston said he could not answer, and turned Warner's question over to Joseph Breen, administrator of the Production Code. Breen said he had been sick, and was not responsible for approving "Duel in the Sun." Warner advised Breen that if he could not handle his job, he had better resign, and that he could always have some kind of job at Warner Brothers.

THE other day, in Johnston's first appearance before a Hollywood talent guild, he told a meeting of screen writers that they should write films showing communism not only as treasonable and subversive, but as ridiculous. He followed this by saying he was in favor of a free screen, subject neither to government pressure nor to foreign propaganda.

The impact of Johnston's various statements has been sharp but confusing. Toward one of his recent talks on movies as an art form, Raymond Chandler takes an attitude as hard-boiled as his novels and screen plays. "In order that such words may not be lost to posterity," says Chandler, "I suggest that they be engraved on an old bottle cap and handed for safekeeping to the rhesus monkeys in the Griffith Park Zoo." But many of Johnston's words are taken very seriously in Hollywood. They add up to an interesting paradox.

S. V. R.

Bandwagon

Reverse Lend-Lease

Taking a cue from the United States Congress' Un-American Activities Committee, the Shanghai city government today formed an Un-Chinese Activities investigating committee assigned to expose all underground activities against the national interest, graft and maladministration. – *AP dispatch from Shanghai.*

Don't Look Now

For whether your government tells you so or not, all this fuss about rising prices is simply to keep your attention off the real meaning, which is the rapid decline of your dollars. – *Hazel Zimmerman, in the Los Angeles* Times.

Check-off

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Thumbnail Portrait

He [the Southerner] may know nothing of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the budget or one world, but he does know the stars and stripes of the flag and will fight for it at the drop of a hat. He belongs to the "what's right with America" group and refuses to listen to the "what's wrong with America" destructionists. – *From an address*

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by T. Russ Hill, quoted in the Congressional Record.

Balance Sheet

In Falls City, Nebraska, a lost coat was returned hurriedly so that its youthful owner would escape a spanking.

Floods, labor arguments and Moscow vetoes notwithstanding, it's a pretty good world. – *From an editorial in the Akron* Beacon-Journal.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The Faith of a Raider

SIR: As General Evans Carlson's biographer, may I congratulate you on "The Faith of a Raider," which appeared in the *New Republic* for June 9? I know that, despite the catastrophic evidence to the contrary, Carlson believed in the future of man. This belief was rooted not so much in theory as in the real comradeship in which he lived with men in this country and abroad. He once admitted to his Raiders that there had been for him great disappointments, but they merely proved the worth of the effort to establish a truly democratic combat battalion. On Makin Island, when things were at their worst—"the lowest point of our expedition" [was how] he described that moment in his battle report—Carlson learned that one must never underestimate one's own strength, or overestimate the strength of the enemy. It seems to me that today he would say that about our fight for a decent world. It is something to remember.

MICHAEL BLANKFORT

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Senator Taylor Calls the Turn

SIR: I appreciate your warm and friendly response to my last-ditch effort to block the Taft-Hartley Labor Act. . . .

The chief purpose of this bill, in the last analysis, is the lowering of wages. Even Senator Taft, in an extremely frank statement, admitted that the effect of the President's veto of the Case bill last year was to prevent a wage decrease. Any bill that limits labor's right to organize ultimately cuts labor's wages. The National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce are not seeking this type of legislation for the fun of it—they seek it because it means tremendous payroll savings for their members. . . .

I think that the great mistake of the fight against this repressive law was that labor's magnificent response was badly timed. The bill could have been fought much more effectively in November, 1946, than in June, 1947. After last year's Case bill, labor had every reason to know what it could expect from a Republican Congress. . . .

Yet too many people allowed themselves to be confused by the constant emphasis on petty wartime shortages and annoyances in the always pro-Republican press. Too many sulked and quibbled about their own petty differences. Too many allowed themselves to forget the real issues, which had been classically stated and restated over the years by President Roosevelt. . . .

Indeed, ever since the death of President Roosevelt, too many Americans, including some union men, are like the baseball fans whose interest in the game dropped off after the retirement of Babe Ruth. But politics is much more serious. Sure, the Champ is dead, but the game goes on, and it vitally affects you and your family every day. You can't afford to lose interest. The Democratic Party will be as progressive as you make it, but it is up to every union man, every farmer and every small businessman to do a real job. . . .

I warn you of one thing: The Taft-Hartley Act will not stay on the books very long without change. The next Congress will amend it either for better or for worse. Which way the tide turns depends largely upon your activity and your vote at registration, primary and general-election time.

GLEN H. TAYLOR

Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.

Books for DP's

SIR: The SOS (Supplies for Overseas Survivors) Collection of the Joint Distribution Committee has recently launched an intensive campaign for books with which to establish libraries in DP camps for refugees awaiting resettlement and to provide leisure and educational reading for Jews who are attemping to reconstruct their lives in Europe.

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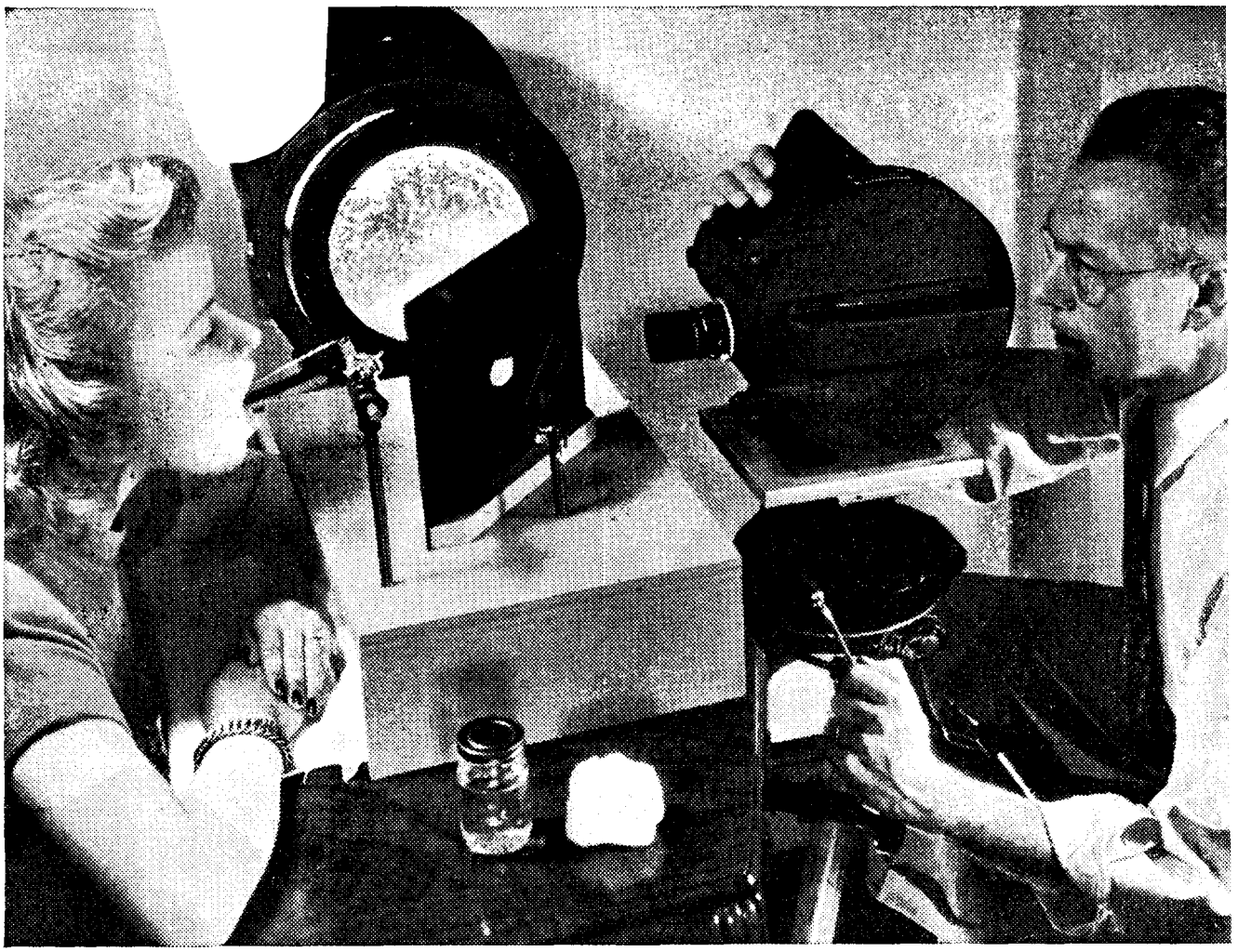

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